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STONE MOUNTAIN.

Within view of the Blue Ridge, in De Kalb County, Georgia, and at a short distance from the course of the Chatahoocnee river, rises Stone Mountain, a tall and conspicuous eminence, nine hundred feet high, with a gentle slope toward the west, and a precipitous termination toward the east. The road winds along the base, till it reaches the foot of the eastern bluff, where the sublime eminence, rising far above, produces an impression of wildness and grandeur, difficult to describe. The rock above presents a convex surface, with a rapid descent to the plain, channeled by numerous ravines, down which, in every storm, pour numerous torrents, whose channels again become as speedily dry. We present the reader with a handsome engraving of this mountain.

The finest view of this stupendous pyramid is obtained from the eastern side. Seen from this point at a distance, it has the appearance of a large dark cloud streaked with thunder and lightning. Approach it nearer, and its figure and consistence become distinguishable; you see the bold, naked rock, nearly globular in form, of a darkish gray color. On climbing it, the shrubs and bushes are scattered so thinly over its sides among the crevices, that it appears nearly bald.

On the summit of the mountain has been erected an octagonal tower, built of wood, one hundred feet square at the base, and one hundred and sixty-five feet high. This singular construction, so convenient to the visitor, and elevating his eye to a superior sphere, has already stood several years, although it rests upon the bare rock, without anything except its own weight to keep it in its position. In the lower part is a small hotel, which contains even a piano. The view from the top of the tower is very extensive and interesting, ranging over a long extent of the Blue Ridge, with varied tracts of country below, chiefly covered with forest.

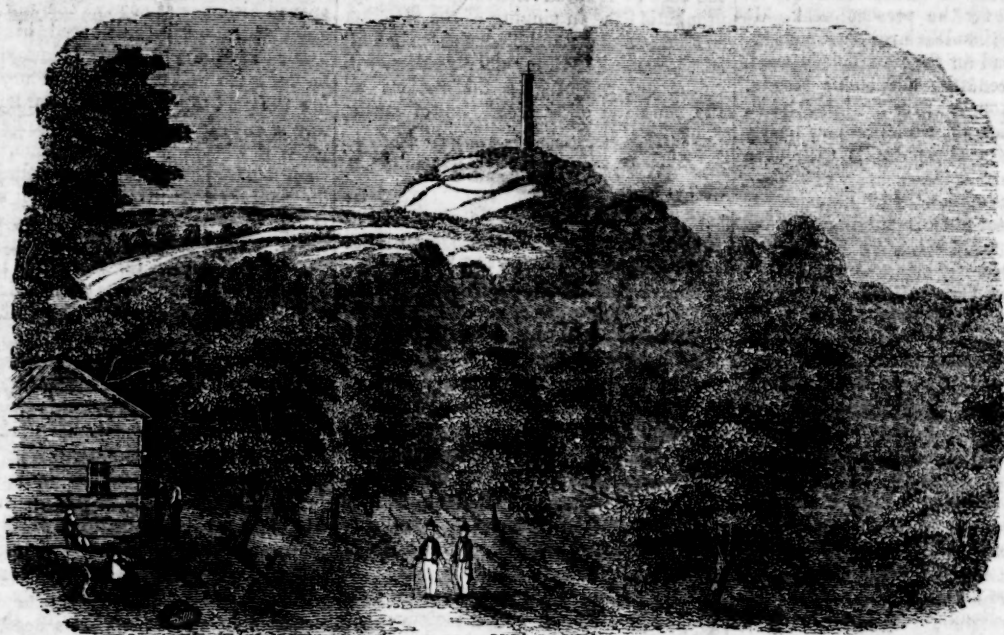
This mountain is visited annually by several thousand persons, and is considered as one of the most magnificent natural objects in the State.

The Cross Roads are two remarkable fissures in the rocks, which cross each other at a point where they are five feet wide; and at that spot they are covered by a large, flat rock, twenty feet in diameter.

The Fort.—The whole summit of the mountain is enclosed by the remains of an ancient entrenchment, of the history of which the Indians disclaimed all knowledge, except that it was of a date prior to that of their ancestors. It formerly extended around and defended every accessible point leading to the summit, the only entrance leading thro' a natural passage under a large rock, where only one person could enter at a time, and that by crawling on all-fours. The whole length of the wall at first was probably a mile, breast high on the inside, and constructed of the loose fragments of the rocks.

The circumference of Stone mountain is about six miles, and the height of its summit 2,230 feet above the level of the ocean. It exhibits, in different parts, a great variety of vegetation; plants, flowers, and berries of many different kinds, presenting themselves to the visitor, as he winds along its base, climbs the rocky sides, and wanders over its lofty eminences, amid the exhilarating atmosphere of a superior region.

A pathetic story is told of a couple of bounds that a year or two ago followed their owners to the top of the mountain and in performing their gambols round the edge of the precipice, had got too far down to be able to get back. One slid immediately over, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below, not a whole bone being left in his skin; the other held to the rock for two days, howling piteously, but at last became exhausted, fell, and shared the fate of his companion.



STONE MOUNTAIN, GA.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE SUICIDE.

BY MABEL LANSING.

'Tis strange to what bold deeds despair will lead
A timid being, and 'tis stranger still
That mortal men dare snap the thread of life,
And rush unbidden into eternity.
I know a lovely girl upon whose cheek
The rose of health bloomed beauteously:
There was a grace in every movement and the song

That trembled on her lip was full of sweetness.
She met a high-born youth, Elfred, and
He early won her pure and trusting heart
With all its deep love's holy truth, and then
In brutal cruelty he tore the vine
That he with care had taught to cling to him,
And smiled a cold and heartless smile.
Because he saw it droop'd and withering.
The young girl was an orphan, with no friend
To cheer her sudden'd spirits, none to point
To the great friend of all who died, and
Dying, brought salvation to rebellious man;
None to guide her, none to strengthen and support,
And so she sought death as an antidote
For her deep sorrow—

At midnight she with slow and cautious step
Stole from her chamber, sought the ocean-side,
And with eye unmoistened gaz'd upon the sea;
There by the pale moon's trembling light she saw
Her childhood's home of joy, her mother's grave,
And father's monument, which seem'd to stand
Like a pale ghost of long departed hopes;
Then with bold and fearless heart prepared
To plunge into the rolling waves, and rush
Into the presence of an offended God.—
But ere she threw herself into the flood,
She bade a wild farewell to all on earth.
I heard her words; they came unto my ear
Like some wild death-wail, which of truth,
they were;
But then I knew it not, though I listen'd
Like one chain'd unto the spot, and oft times
In the stillness of the night they seem'd to fall
Upon my ear, and then I start with terror,
So death-like, Oh, so terrible, they sound
Upon the ever-silent air of night;
And now I give them thee, that thou like me
Mayest feel and know the fearful madness
Of a wounded heart.

"Friends who long have lov'd and cheer'd me,
Now I bid you all adieu;
Earth hath nothing more to charm me,
Since Elfred prov'd untrue.

Life is naught when love is wanting,
All is vain when hope is fled;
Better die and be forgotten,
With the unremember'd dead.

Better sleep beneath the waters,
Than to live without a home;
Better wait in dens of darkness,
Than to be thus doubly lone.

Oh, I always lov'd the waters!
Always lov'd their restless play.
Stay me not thou timid spirit,
For I must away!

Fare-thee-well, thou false and lov'd one,
Thou hast wrought an awful deed!
Better die beneath the water
Than receive thy certain meed."

She gaz'd, and as she did so plung'd into the main,
The wave clos'd o'er her, and she sunk without a groan.

To rise no more forever, and forever more.
The few that lov'd her sought her, but 'twas vain.

For many a fathom down beneath the wave,
She, the young and beauteous lay asleep.

I left her track
Upon the very spot where last she stood,
Perhaps 'tis fancy—but I always think
The air is stiller there than at any other place,
And seem to hear with every ebbing wave
A fearful heart-wail coming o'er the deep.

From Hall's Journal of Health.

Unhealthful Habitations.

We have occasionally noticed some sharp contradictions of our views in some points, in papers which are in the main conducted with ability. Our readers are advised in all such cases to think for themselves, and to inquire if the person who calls a statement in question, is likely to have special means of information in regard to it. Persons sometimes think they know a thing is not so, from their not knowing that the opposite of it is true. A man who has lived from infancy on a small island, and has never seen any other land, may feel quite sure in his own mind, that it is the only land in the world, simply because he has never seen any other land. It is unwise to assert any thing to be true, until we know that its opposite is not true.

BEST TOOTH WASH.

On one occasion, a correspondent of a water-cure journal inquired if a statement of ours was true, that washing the teeth with pure white soap had a tendency to prevent the collection of tartar on the teeth. The editor replied simply, "It is all fudge." He, perhaps, could not conceive how such a thing as common soft soap could keep the teeth clear of tartar accretions, which were so hard that a steel instrument is employed by dentists to remove them. He evidently did not know that recent chemical and microscopical investigations, carefully conducted with all the aids dental science had demonstrated that this tartar was the product of a living insect, upon which neither vinegar nor tobacco juice had any effect whatever, but which was instantly destroyed by soap; and following up this fact, persons have kept their teeth perfectly clear of re-accumulations of tartar by simply washing them with white soap and brush, night and morning. Now and then it will fail, because some tartar is made by an insect which is but little affected by soap.

PAPERED ROOMS.

On another occasion we stated that persons had been poisoned by occupying rooms covered with green paper. Shortly after a City paper contained a column or two attempting to throw ridicule on the statement, giving facts, as stated, where persons had lived and slept in green-papered rooms for years in good health.

Now we will give a fact which is indisputable:

In the Fall of 1858, a youth was laboring under symptoms of poisoning by arsenic. In spite of all treatment, the symptoms increased in severity for two months, when the patient was sent to the country, where he was speedily restored to health.

On returning home, he occupied the same apartment; and in a month was worse than before. Thinking that a cistern near a wall of the room might occasion the ailment, he was removed to another room for two weeks to afford an opportunity for making the necessary alterations, when he was returned to his old room, in apparent health. In three or four weeks the same symptoms returned, but with an aggravated degree of severity. It was then suggested that it might be the green paper on the wall which caused the illness. It was removed; paper of a different color was put on; and still occupying the same room, the patient recovered his health, and remained well.

It was from facts like these, reported in standard medical publications, we founded our article. It will readily occur to the reader, that paper may have so little green in it, that any ill effect on the health may not be appreciable for weeks, or months, or years; and then again, some constitutions are less amenable to the influences of green paper than others. We cannot undertake to hedge our Journal with provisos, and authorities and nice distinctions, else we should make it as dry as a bone and heavy as lead, and it would lose largely of its practicality. We prefer to present broad facts, with their general inferences. Those who are hypercritical and are fond of nice distinctions, had better procure a different kind of reading.

If green paper, under any circumstances, poisons the human system, it is better to lay it down as a broad fact for practical purposes, that green paper ought not to be put on the walls of rooms. If any one is disposed to experiment as to how much green in any given pattern can be used with impunity, we certainly have no objection; but for the general good, it is better to lay down the clear statement, "rooms ought not to be covered with green paper."

If the paper is well glazed, comparatively little injury may result, for then there is less lux to fly about the room; but where the pattern is not glazed but is velvety, and the figure standing out from the paper, it is impossible to escape the poisonous effects. A single hour's sitting in such a room has been known to nauseate a whole company. From one foot square of one of these tufted or flock green papers, thirty grains of the powder was scraped off and sent to a chemist; and the amount of solid arsenic in it was eleven grains—over one-third.

USE THE SUNSHINE

A New York merchant noticed in the course of years that every book-keeper that came to him got sick, however healthy he appeared on his arrival. One day it occurred to him all at once, that the room occupied was on the first floor, and was so situated that the sun never shone in it. He at once changed it for an upper story apartment, which freely admitted the sun light, with the result of healthy book-keepers ever after.

SEE WHERE YOU BUILD.

A New Yorker built for himself a few years ago a splendid mansion. Not long after he moved into it several members of the family became sick; this continuing for months, it was remembered that the house had been built over an old drain, on a damp marshy spot, the emanations from which constantly rose through the cellar and passed up into every room of the building. He changed his residence, and his family regained their usual health.

The practical inference to be derived from these statements is, that considering it is impossible to cure any disease as long as the causes of that disease are in operation, if on moving into a room or house, or neighborhood, a person becomes sick, and remains more or less so, in spite of the remedies used, it would be wise to change to another room in the building, or to another house in the neighborhood, or exposure; there are physical obstacles, and it is useless to contend against natural laws.

But a family may occupy a dwelling for a number of years in the enjoyment of general good health, when a change may occur, and one or more members, or all of them, may begin to complain, and may continue to be ailing, whatever may be done for restoration to health. Such changes are never without a sufficient cause. The rule should be in all cases where several members of a family are attacked with similar symptoms of sickness, to look about for a cause. Let the mind recur to any changes of any description. The last barrel of flour may have been largely adulterated with a heavy mineral substance, only to be detected by chloroform; a mill-pond may have been formed within a mile or two; or one may have been drained, and its former bottom exposed to a hot sun; a piece of swamp land may have been cleared; or a field may have been allowed to grow up with timber; or a belt of trees between the house and standing water or a sluggish stream may have been cut down, and thus the miasm which they absorbed is carried directly into the house; the well may have become foul; or a new well or spring way have been brought into use; any one of these, or of many other changes, is alone sufficient to make a whole family sickly. The first best step in all changes as to the health of a family for the worse, is to find out what changes have occurred of a physical character, and then seek to apply an appropriate remedy.

SELF-RESPECT.—Teach a man to think meanly and contemptibly of himself, to cast off all sense of character and all consciousness of a superior nature, and moral persuasion can no more act upon such a man than if he were dead. A man may be addicted to many vices, and yet there may be a hope of reclaiming him. But the moment he loses all sense of character and all consciousness of a superior nature that is, the moment he begins to look upon himself and his vices as worthy of one another, that moment all hope of reclaiming him perishes; for the last ground is surrendered on which it is possible for his remaining good principles to rally and make a stand. We have often known men who have retained their self-respect long after they had lost their regard for principle; but never one who retained his regard for principle after he had lost his self-respect. Destroy this, and you destroy every thing; for a man who does not respect himself respects nothing.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

The new novel, *Countersparts*.—Alice Learmont, by the author of *John Halifax*.—*Proverbial and Moral Thoughts*.—Lectures for the People. Italy and the War. Memoirs of Vidocq. De la French's new work on Language.—The Golden Dagon.

A few years ago there appeared a novel with the title of Charles Auchester, which, marked as it was by peculiar and distinguishing powers of style, plot, individualization, and harmony of treatment, attracted the immediate attention of the English critics, and made a thoroughly profound impression on the public. Its novelty, freshness, and sparkling originality placed the author on the roll with the "Currier Bells," the "George Elliotts," and Henry Kingsleys, and the novel marked an era like those produced by Jane Eyre, Adam Bede, and the Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn. Great things were prophesied of the author. Genius, however, is not a race horse, (vide Sylvanus Cobb), in fact it is proverbially slow, dull and lazy, (vide again, Poe, Shelly, Coleridge), and therefore our author went speedily into an eclipse, nor loomed again from his obscurity until recently, when lo! his star rises again with another brilliant romance, which the title-page tells us is called *Countersparts*, or the *Cross of Love*. Critics are in raptures with it; and so it is commended to the reader with the assurance that it is one of the best fictions of the season. It forms a large octavo volume, elegantly printed, and done up in paper covers at 50 cents, or handsomely bound, \$1.00, and sent free of postage by the publishers, Messrs. Mayhew & Baker, Boston, or Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Miss Dinah Maria Mulock may have an ugly name, and may be as ugly in person as Harriet Martineau or that other intolérable Harriet—Becher Stowe, but she is nevertheless a most winsome writer—graceful, fresh, and original. Who has not read her *John Halifax*, *Gentleman of the Olive*? *Agatha's Husband*? *The Ogilvies*? and that noble tribute to Old-Maidism, *A Woman's Thoughts about Women*? Very opportunely for the admirers of these works have Messrs. Mayhew & Baker, Boston, republished her story, *Alice Learmont*, or, *A Mother's Love*. It bears the pen marks of the strong hand that produced *John Halifax*, and is as charmingly written and satisfactory a little story as we have ever read. It makes a neat 18mo. volume, is handsomely illustrated, and may be had either in paper covers or cloth binding.

The same publishers (Boston and Philadelphia) issue a very choice repository of wise sayings and pregnant truths, a neat little 24mo. volume, entitled *Proverbial and Moral Philosophy*, by Charles Henry Hauger. Tupperism has divided the world of readers as effectually as the Wars of the Roses divided something else. On no other question in literature has there arisen so great a division, the advocates of Martin Farquhar insisting on the originality, force and practical wisdom of the "Philosophy" of their favorite, while his opponents as roundly declare Tupperism to be the lowest depths of twaddle. The question is worthy of exposition in a more enlarged space than we have here at command, but there must be force and merit in the man who can produce disciples as practical, fresh and entertaining as Mr. Hauger. His book is a little gem.

Under the title, *Lectures for the People*, Mr. Geo. G. Evans, Philadelphia, has issued a fine duodecimo volume, prepared by the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, from his own popular and attractive discourses. They are not all pulpit sermons, the majority of them having been delivered in places and at times which allowed a greater latitude in the subjects for exposition and the form of exercise than he would have taken in the desk of his own Myrtle Street Chapel. Departing from the recognized forms of this style of composition, these Lectures have the homely vigor and plainness of speech peculiar to the "Homilies" put forth to be read in churches in the time of Elizabeth. They are liberally interspersed with proverbs and colloquial expressions, full of sound sense and sound morality, with no deficiency of religious instruction. The author is one of the most popular of English divines, and we cannot wonder. His departure from conventional rules in these lectures is not to make himself prominent, but to reach and do good to others. The volume should be in every family, whether of Christian sympathies or not.

Although the contest no longer wages between Austria and France, yet a well-written history of the brief but important style is exceedingly desirable to all students of the times and whoever desires to keep his library supplied with reliable information on affairs as they occur. Such a work, unquestionably, is a neat duodecimo, from the press of Mr. George G. Evans, Philadelphia, the full title of which we give to explain its precise character, as follows: *Italy and the War of 1859: With the Lives of Sovereigns, Statesmen, and Military Commanders, and Descriptions and Statistics of the Italian States, together with the Principal Events of the*

War; By Julie de Marquerites; with an Introduction by R. Shelton Mackenzie; and Maps and Portraits, Price \$1.25. The work has already passed to a second edition, and has received the unqualified approbation of the press and the reading public. Both the above works are connected with Mr. Evans' extensive and highly honorable gift enterprise.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have issued in a thick duodecimo volume, with characteristic illustrations from designs by Craikshank, the *Memoirs of Vidocq*, Chief of the French Police, written by himself. This book is a classic among Rogue's literature. The author and hero has a world-wide reputation as the most adroit of thief catchers, and he delights in his occupation as John Wise does in sailing balloons, or Francatelle in broiling a chop. His dexterity, as it comes from his own lips, is wonderful and verifies to the utmost of the superlative the truth of the old adage, "Set a rogue to catch a rogue." No story which Vidocq undertakes to tell loses in the narration, and the volume further possesses, in its illustrations of certain phases of French life, and some of the horrors of the first French Revolution, something of a historical interest.

The fine novel, *Peveril of the Peak*, is the "Waverley" in Peterson's cheap uniform edition for the present week. It covers no less than 185 large octavo pages, and may be had for the ridiculously small price of 25 cents by addressing Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. This fine series of works is now nearly completed. Its cheapness is without a parallel.

The study of language becomes, to those who enter upon it intelligently and lovingly, a most fascinating study, and withal a most useful one. Home Tooke's "Diversions of Pusey" was perhaps the first book which led the English taste in this direction, but Tooke was superseded by Crabbe and others, and now these must yield to Trench, Dean Trench, of Westminster, the most thorough, enthusiastic and careful philologist now living. His books, "On the Study of Words," and "The English Language, Past and Present," have given him a wide reputation, which will be still further increased by the new volume, *A Select Glossary of English Words used Formerly in Sense Different from their Present*, just published by J. S. Redfield, Esq., New York, uniform with the preceding volumes, at 75 cents. There is a story of some man who pronounced a dictionary "full of nice stories, but too short." This Glossary would please that critic wonderfully. Every word conveys a story if we could only get at it, and Dean Trench in his capital volumes aids the pursuit amazingly. Reader, send to Mr. Redfield, New York, or Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, for this "Glossary."

Among modern travelers there is not a more capital fellow to follow than Dr. J. W. Palmer, formerly attached to the U. S. Service. His books are by no means "slow." They are lively, graphic records of events as they occurred, and, like Bayard Taylor's, now illustrate nearly every quarter of the globe. One of the pleasantest of his books is *Up and Down the Irrawaddy*, or the Golden Dagon: Being Passages of Adventure in the Burman Empire, just published in a very handsome, 12mo. volume, with illustrations, by Messrs. Rudd & Carleton, New York, Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. There is not a page but is filled with some capital incident, or novel reflection, or bright suggestion, and the reader is left alternately wondering, staring, or laughing to the end. We commend the book as one of the choicest of the season.

MUSIC—MISCELLANEOUS.

BY WM. HAUSER, M. D.

NUMBER V.

In a previous No. of the present irregular series I called attention to Phil. Rice's *American Banjoist*, price \$1., and to Briggs' *Banjoist*, price 50 cents, both of which may be obtained of O. Ditson & Co. for the named postage paid.

In Briggs there is a single tune, "The old folks are gone," which is worth far more than both books cost. Then "Young folks at Home," "Do they miss me at Home," with "Hazel Dell," "Lilly Dale," "Toll the bell for Lilly Dale," "Darling Nellie Gray," and many other songs, besides many and many purely instrumental pieces, make these two books, attainable for one poor dollar and a half, so attractive that my readers must have colder hearts than make homes happy if they can rest satisfied without them. True, there is a great deal of detestable trash in these books, which the love of truth and righteousness compels me to characterize properly, and to make a wide distinction between it and that which I commend, but people whose hearts are bent on up-right living will be wise enough to "gather the good into vessels, and cast the bad away." The Banjo has become in America almost as fashionable and common as the Guitar is in Spain and Italy, and it behooves our wise and pious fathers and mothers not to hurl the thing from them with maledictions that would better be-

come a lying, bigoted Romanist priest of the fifteenth century, armed with "bell, book, and candle," to terrify the credulous and ignorant, but to have their children lean and wisely use it for making households happy, and giving a charm to them for brothers, sisters, cousins, friends, which music alone can give. Do you wish your children physically beautiful, mentally excellent, and morally good? Then

"Let music swell the breeze,
And ring through all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song:
Bid mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong!"

In the day when science and religion shall have elevated man to that position in all matters of knowledge where the kindred of angels ought to stand, the period of maternity will be well understood and wisely studied, and the pure and hallowing influences of music will be constantly brought to bear upon the face, and from and inmost soul of each future son and daughter: then will ugliness of person and turbulence of temper be talked of as things of the past,

"And Jesus, blessed Prince of Peace,
Reign over the world in love."

The reign, the age of music, is coming: the bard of Mantua followed Israel's rapt prophetic band in singing of the "Golden age" when peace and blessedness shall fill all the earth: that, my dear readers, will be the age, not of gold that poisons all the fountains of the soul, but of music, "When every man, in every face,
Shall meet a brother and a friend."

From the Richmond Daily Examiner.
Retirement of the Rothschilds from the Financial World.

The most interesting intelligence, by the last steamer from Europe, is a rumor of the retirement of the Rothschilds from the financial world. The report is credited by the leading journals of this country and England. For this, various reasons are assigned, some attributing to the troubled state of European affairs, others to the prostration, by paralysis, of Nathaniel Rothschild, one of the most sagacious of that family of famous financiers. To neither of these causes, however, can it be properly attributed; first, because the Rothschilds reap their largest harvest from financial speculation during periods of national disturbance, and their most enormous and usurious notes of interest are exacted from embarrassed monarchs, pending long and expensive wars. Nor would the prostration, by disease, of one of the numerous family of Rothschilds interfere with the financial operations of the family, while other members of it, possessing equal talent, are actively engaged in business?

A leading New York journal furnishes, in our opinion, the rational explanation of the cause of this rumored retirement from the financial world of this famous family of money-lenders. It is, that Napoleon has completely changed the financial system of Europe, and has stripped the Rothschilds of that power. He has taught the monarchs of Europe to rely upon their subjects and not upon Jew usurers for loans. He has introduced the American system of loans so successfully into France, that Austria, Prussia, and other European governments have followed his example. When money is needed by the Emperor of France he advertises for a loan, specifying the maximum loans which the government will receive from each individual. The bids for these loans have not unfrequently exceeded ten-fold the amount desired by the government. By making thousands and millions almost interested in these loans the government is strengthened, as each creditor of the government becomes its friend and partizan, and from the strongest considerations of selfishness, opposes all attempts against the government; the destruction of which would be attended with personal loss to the creditor. The financial greatness of the Rothschilds was the result of the old system, when Kings borrowed money from Jew usurers, and then taxed the people oppressively and cruelly to pay debts not unfrequently due to foreign creditors.

But the Rothschilds, having performed a great part in Europe for more than half a century, and having furnished the means of conducting mighty wars which have more than once changed the face of Europe, have wisely determined to retire with dignity before the "loan policy" of Napoleon shall reduce them to the vulgar level of other stock-brokers and money-lenders.

Deeming a sketch of this wealthy family likely to interest our readers, we abridge for their entertainment and instruction the most reliable and perfect history of the family which we have seen:—

In the middle of the last century there lived in the town of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, a husband and wife of the Hebrew persuasion, who lavished all their cares upon a son, whom they destined for the profession of a schoolmaster. The boy, whose name was Meyer Anselm Rothschild, and who was born at Frankfurt in the year 1743, exhibited such tokens of capacity that his parents made every effort in their power to give him the advantage of a good education; and with this view he spent some months at Furth, going through a curriculum of study as appeared to be proper.

His parents died when he was yet a boy, in his eleventh year; and on his return to Frankfurt he set himself to learn practically the routine of the counting house.

After this we find him in Hanover, in the employment of a wealthy banking house, whose affairs he conducted for several years with care and fidelity; and then we see opening out under his auspices, in his native city, the germ of that mighty business which was destined to act so powerfully upon the governments of Europe.

About this time a circumstance is said to have occurred to which the rise of the Rothschilds from obscurity is ascribed by those who find it necessary to trace such brilliant effects to romantic and wonderful causes. The Prince of Hesse Cassel, it seems in flying from the approach of the republican armies, desired as he passed through Frankfurt, to get rid of a large amount of gold and jewels in such a way as might leave him a chance of its recovery after the storm had passed by. With this view, he sought out the humble money-changer, who consented reluctantly to take charge of the treasure, burying it in a corner of his garden just at the moment when the republican troops entered the gates of the city. His own property he did not conceal, for this would have occasioned a search; and cheerfully sacrificing the less for the preservation of the greater, he reopened his office as soon as the town was quiet again, and recommenced his daily routine of calm and steady industry. But he knew too well the value of money to allow the gold to lie idle in his garden. He dug it forth from time to time, as he could use it to advantage; and, in fine, made such handsome profits on his capital, that on the duke's return in 1802, he offered to refund the whole, with five per cent. interest. This, of course, was not accepted. The money was left to fructify for twenty years longer, at the almost nominal interest of two per cent.; and the duke's influence was used, besides, with the allied sovereigns in 1814, to obtain business for "the honest Jew" in the way of raising public loans.

"The honest Jew" unfortunately died two years before this date in 1812; but the whole story would appear to be either entirely a romance, or greatly exaggerated. Rothschild must have already been eminent as a banker, or he would hardly have been selected by the Prince of Hesse Cassel as the depository of a sum amounting, it is said, to £50,000, exclusively of the jewels. At any rate, it was in the year 1801 he was appointed agent to the Landgrave, afterwards Elector of Hesse; and in the next year (indicated in the story as that of the prince's return) a loan of ten millions was contracted with the Danish Court through the house of Rothschild.

In 1802 Rothschild left to the mighty fortunes, of which his wisdom had laid the foundation, ten children—five sons and five daughters; laying upon them, with his last breath, the injunction of an inviolable union. This is one of the grand principles to which the success of the family may be traced. The command was kept by the sons with religious fidelity. The copartnership in which they were left remained uninterrupted; and, from the moment of their father's death, every proposal of moment was submitted to their joint discussion and carried out upon an agreed plan, each of the brothers sharing equally in the results.

We may now mention another circumstance which, on various occasions, must have contributed largely to the mercantile success of the family. Although their real union continued indissoluble, their place of residence were far asunder, each member of the house domiciling himself in a different country. For instance, Anselm, born in 1773, fixed his residence at Frankfurt; Solomon, born in 1774, chiefly at Vienna; Charles, born in 1778, at Naples; and James, born in 1792, at Paris. The fifth brother, Nathan, born in 1797, resided in London, and died at Frankfurt in 1837. The house was thus ubiquitous. It was spread like a network over the nations; and it is no wonder that with all other things considered, its operations upon the money market should at length have been felt tremulously by every Cabinet in Europe.

We have no means of giving anything like the statistics of this remarkable business; but it is stated in the *Conversations Lexicon* that in the space of twelve years—from 1813, the period, we may remark, when war had ruined all Europe, and when governments were only able to keep themselves afloat by flinging the financial burden upon posterity—between eleven and twelve hundred million florins (£110,000,000 to £120,000,000) were raised for the Sovereigns of Europe through the agency of this house, partly as loans and partly as subsidies. Of these 500,000,000 florins were for England, 120,000,000 for Austria, 10,000,000 for Prussia, 200,000,000 for France, 120,000,000 for Naples, 60,000,000 for Russia, 10,000,000 for some of the German courts, and 30,000,000 for Brazil. And this it is added, is exclusive "of those sums for the allied Courts, of several hundred millions each, which was paid as an indemnity for the war to the French, and likewise of the manifold preceding operations executed by the house as commissioner for different governments, the total amount of which far exceeded the foregoing."

In 1815 the brothers were appointed counsellors of finance to the then Elector of Hesse; and in 1826, by the next Electors, privy counsellors of finance. In 1818 they were elected to the royal Prussian privy council of commerce. In Austria they received, in 1825, the privilege of being hereditary landholders, and in 1822 were ennobled in the same country with the title of Baron. The brother established in London was appointed imperial Consul, and afterwards Consul General and in the same year (1822) the same honor was conferred upon the brother resident in Paris. The latter, the Baron James, has the reputation of being the most able financier in France, and it was mainly through his assistance and influence, with other capitalists that railways now intersect the length and breadth of the land.

Nathan, the brother who resided in England, left four sons, three of whom rank among the most distinguished aristocracy of the British capital; the fourth, Nathaniel, residing in Paris. The eldest, Lionel de Rothschild, is privileged, as a British subject, to bear the title of an Austrian baron; his brothers being barons only by courtesy. The second was created a baronet of England, as Sir Anthony de Rothschild and the third, Baron Meyer, was high Sheriff of Buckinghamshire. Baron Lionel de Rothschild was, in 1853, invited by the Reform Association to stand as a candidate with Lord John Russell for the representation of London in Parliament, and was returned third on the list. It must also be observed that a consultation was held by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of that day with this hereditary financier, before ministers ventured upon their celebrated letter authorizing the Bank of England to extend its issues.

Since then the Rothschilds have not been so successful in negotiating loans. They utterly failed to effect that proposed by Austria several months since, or prior to the breaking out of the war in Italy.

There is a female in this remarkable family whom we must mention in a special manner, and with her name we conclude. She is the widow of the banker at Frankfurt, the mother of the five brothers, and grandmother of the flourishing financiers of Europe. The following notice of this venerable and venerated lady, is taken from "Les Matines du Tamed" of G. Ben Levi: In the Jews' street at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, in the midst of Gothic facades, black copings and sombre alleys, there is a house of small exterior, distinguished from others by its luxurious neatness, which gives it an appearance of singular cheerfulness and freshness. The brass on the door is polished, the curtains on the windows are as white as snow, and the staircase, an unusual thing in the damp atmosphere of this dirty quarter, is always dry and shining.

The traveller who from curiosity visits this street—a true specimen of the times when the Jews of Frankfurt, subject to the most intolerable vexations, were restricted to this infected quarter—will be induced to stop before the neat and simple house, and perhaps ask, "Who is that venerable old lady, seated in a large arm chair behind the little shining squares of the window on the first story?" This is the reply every citizen of Frankfurt will make: "In that house dwelt an Israelite merchant, named Meyer Anselm Rothschild. He there acquired a good name, a good fortune, and a numerous offspring; and when he died, the widow declared she would never quit, except for the tomb, the unpretending dwelling which had served as a cradle to that name, that fortune, and those children."

Continued prosperity has attended the sons of the pious and modest widow. Their name is become European, their wealth proverbial. They inhabit sumptuous palaces in the most beautiful quarters of Paris, London, Vienna, Naples and Frankfurt; their mother, persevering in her admirable modesty, has not left her very humble house, where those sons come to visit her with respect and reverence, and discharge their duties in memory of their estimable father, thus presenting bright examples for the present time.

A SOUTHERN INCIDENT.—A few days since (says the *Augusta Constitutionalist*), an aged negro woman—a faithful old slave—died in this city. Her remains were conveyed to the Catholic church, of which she had been a member when living; the service for the dead was performed—the choir chanting the solemn hymns usual in such services—and then the body was followed to its last resting place by a number of white persons—some of our most respected citizens. Here was a southern scene, which, if the Abolitionists could have witnessed it, would have led them to say, "Verily, these southerners and slaveholders are not such brutal and unfeeling wretches as our leaders would have us believe." A pauper's funeral and a pauper's grave is not the faithful negro servant in the South.

SAD CASUALTY.—We learn through a private source, that an interesting son of Hon. K. RAYNER, aged about 13 years, while out gunning on Wednesday last, near Raleigh, accidentally shot himself, when he almost instantly expired.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 19th, '59.

The crowd beginning to leave the Springs, Devices to retain them—Politics—How the Democrats "count their chickens" if the election goes to the House of Representatives—Fire, &c.

The tide of pleasure-loving humanity which has sought rest and refreshment at the watering places has already begun its backward ebb. Southerners are returning from the North; Northerners are quitting the Virginia Springs for the busy haunts of commerce and manufactures. The heated term is now generally conceded to be over—and the mornings and evenings are cool, if not chilly. Now is the time when the proprietors of summer resorts strain every nerve to retain their guests. Tournaments, balls, masquerades, tableaux—every conceivable attraction is brought into play to keep their houses full. In spite of such allurements, however, the registers of our Washington Hotels are daily filled with the names of late sojourners in the County on their way to their homes.

In politics, there is no ground for fear of an Abolition President in 1860. Hitherto the main hope, and avowed aim of the Black Republicans has been to throw the election into the House of Representatives, where their party possesses a plurality, if not a working majority. But inasmuch as they vote by States in electing a President—each state having but one vote given by the majority of its Representatives—and the elections in the doubtful States being now all over, it can be calculated with perfect certainty how the vote will stand. There are thirty three States. The Black Republicans will have the votes of fifteen. The Democrats will have the votes of fifteen. The "Opposition"—(whatever that means, for it certainly means neither the Democratic, the Black Republican, nor the old Whig party)—as decided by the late election, will hold the vote of one state—Tennessee.

The two remaining states have a delegation equally divided between the Democrats and the Oppositions so that their vote will be a tie and will not be counted. Now supposing that Tennessee—the Opposition state—should affiliate with Abolitionism, even then the Representatives have not what the Constitution requires viz: a majority of the States. Thus, if the election goes to the House the Democrats may refuse to elect until March 4th 1861—when according to Law the Vice President who, before that time, will have been elected by the Senate (Democratic) will become President. Your readers may now understand the programme chalked out by the Democratic leaders in case the election by the Representatives should fail.

A number of the Government Machine Shops on Capitol Hill were burned last Tuesday night. A large amount of valuable machinery was irreparably injured and it is thought that the loss will exceed \$50,000. It is believed to have been the work of an incendiary. Among the visitors whom I met during my recent stay at the Va. Springs were Mr. Venable of your State and Bishop Green, also a North Carolinian by birth and education, but now of Mississippi.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 22nd.

Prefatory, showing what we don't intend to write about—The crops—Sickness—County Court—Distinguished Clergy—New Inventions by one of our mechanics—Shocking accident.

Dear Times: The Election and the excitement consequent thereon having passed away we are let down again to a dead level. We do not imagine that many of your readers indulge themselves in the warm delights of political strife, and consequently we cannot stop here to pour out stale and pithy remarks on the mutability which attends all human affairs, from the least to the greatest, nor to inveigh on the seeming blindness of those who depend on the caprice of a fickle public for their daily bread. How inconstant their fortune is daily experience clearly shows. Of all occupations give us that of the farmer or gardener; on a few well-tilled acres, aided by a little science and skill, in spite of rain and sun, regardless of a few mishaps and some failures from heat or moisture, he derives a respectable support; far happier he in his humble lot than the lordly owner of proud domains, lapped in luxury and ministered to by all that can wrap the senses in undisturbed repose. Generally speaking the labors of the farmer are over, and he only waits the approach of autumn to gather in the fruits of his labors, and while resting from his toils, he maps out the plan of his campaign for the ensuing year. Providence has again most bountifully blessed our fields; but alas! how few will make an ade-

quate return for all the benefits they have received! how many will remember that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," when they think of or see the "Lord's Poor" shivering under the rigors of the coming winter. With all these favors crowning us as individuals and as a nation, the widow's wail and the orphan's sob break on the ear. From Granville and Warren and Alamance we hear of the ravages of that fell destroyer, "typhoid fever," several neighborhoods in the sections mentioned are reported to be rife with the disease and many of the citizens have fallen victims. The scarlet fever too is reported at Beaufort.

Our County Court was in session last week, but hardly as much business as usual was done; at least so it seemed to an outsider, the crowd not being by any means as large as we have seen. Judge Badger, who has often graced the Bench on such occasions was absent at Shocco, which is a favorite resort of his.

We have been recently favored by the presence of several distinguished clerical visitors, who respectively occupied the pulpits of the several churches to which they belong: Dr. Hooper of the Baptist, Bishop Lynch, Romanist and Messrs Hubbard and Kerr Episcopalian.

We have been favored with a sight and a corresponding explanation of several very valuable inventions by Mr. Wm. D. Johnson an expert machinist in the employ of the R. & G. R. R. Co.; they consist of a cultivator on a new principle, a seed drill and a self operating sand box, for a locomotive. As far as tested they are highly approved and he has succeeded in obtaining patents for them; they will doubtless be exhibited at the next fair. Our community was terribly shocked on Friday last by the death of young Henry Rayner, eldest son of Hon. K. Rayner. He was about 13 years old and was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun, while hunting; the lead entered beneath the chin and passed through the top of the head, of course killing him instantly. Yours, &c. P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22, 1859.

Friend Times:—Thermometer at 60; citizens generally in a good humor and your correspondent specially elated. This is all brought about by the respectable behaviour of that eccentric individual the clerk of the weather.

The death of news in the metropolis has, to speak truly kept my pen silent for the past two or three weeks, and with the exception of an occasional murder, marriage, and elopement we have had nothing of late, to break the monotony of our daily routine. One exception, however, I may name has been the presence of the "Richmond Grays" in our city accompanied by their Major who have been doing the agreeable at the "Brandreth House" for the past few days. They make a respectable appearance, and so far as I had an opportunity of judging seemed reputable men. They were honored by the "common scoundrels" of our city and have every reason to believe enjoyed their sojourn remarkably well. They left in good spirits for home on the 18th.

It is very currently rumored that Chas. Dickens intends to visit this country in the fall, and further that he is under engagements to give sixty readings at various places in the States for the sum of \$25,000 cash, and one fourth of the nett profits of the affair, whether this be part truth and part rumor or all a lie, I have no means at present of ascertaining—time will tell the tale.

The approaching cricket match, too, between the Eleven of England and the Twenty two of America, which is to come off sometime during the ensuing month, comes in for its share of public gossip. It will be played on the St. George's cricket ground at Hoboken, and will doubtless cause considerable excitement during its progress.

Among the foreign items by the last mail I find the following: The Rajah of Cashmere has sent a tent of shawls as a present to Queen Victoria, with a bedstead of carved gold, the whole valued at £150,000,—nearly \$750,000; rather a costly present that!

The latest case of insanity reported in this vicinity is that of Monsieur De Lave, the rival of Blondin, who crossed Genesee Falls a few days since on a tight rope.—It is a pity that the friends of these unfortunate have not sufficient sympathy for their condition to procure writs of *habeas corpus* inquiring for their benefit.

Our city is full of strangers just now and hotel keepers are doing a driving business. Mercantile affairs remain pretty quiet as yet, but the fraternity are looking anxiously forward to September.

They appear to be doing things up brown at Saratoga this season. Says the Boston Post on this point—"one lady is reported to have given a dinner to twenty friends, which cost \$400, and a New York Banker paid \$750 for twenty eight persons. A southerner, however, surpassed that, he having paid \$1400 for one dinner, the largest private dinner ever given at that fashionable resort. This is what,

in vulgar parlance, we should call "going in lemons."

Macdonald, the Mobile Planter and murderer of Virginia Stewart, his mistress, the record of which bloody tragedy must be still fresh in the memory of your readers, still continues an inmate of our city prison, and is said to painfully realize his terrible situation, although at first he appeared to regard the matter very lightly. Public opinion seems to be decidedly against him, and I should not be surprised if the gallows proved his last stand point.

Theatrical items continue dull, and will until the fall season commences, which will be about the first week in September. The Florences still hold on at Wallock's and the Ravels have delighted the patrons of Niblo's.

The collapsing of the European war has considerably cut down our foreign news budget, and we have now to rely principally upon our own resources for the precious article.

Don't think of ought else worth adding so with our usual adieu we will say "Farewell!—a word that hath been and must be, A sound which makes us linger, yet farewell!" Ah! here's our hand on that, good Byron! and may thy shadow never lessen. Sentimental, stint we?

Yours as Ever,

QUEERSTREET.

From the Fayetteville Observer.

GEN. FRANCIS NASH.

At the commencement of the Revolutionary War, Francis Nash, of a family then and since distinguished in North Carolina, and who had acquired reputation for himself as a Captain in what was known as the Regulators' War, was appointed a Lieutenant Colonel in one of the regiments raised in North Carolina for the Continental service. In February, 1777, he was commissioned by Congress a Brigadier General in the Continental Army.—He was ordered to the North, was at the Battle of the Brandywine on the 11th of September, 1777, and was killed at the Battle of Germantown on October 4th of the same year. He died, and his remains are yet resting, far from his home, in a strange land, but not an unfriendly one. The people of the North have cared for his memory and that of other brave North Carolinians, who lost their lives on the same battle-field in defence of their and our liberty.

The particulars of his death, the measures taken to protect his remains and perpetuate his memory, are touchingly related in the following eloquent letter from a gentleman of Germantown, with whom our readers have been already made acquainted, to a gentleman in this place. We need scarcely add our hope that the State will adopt the writer's suggestion and honor itself by honoring the memory of an illustrious member of a family distinguished by its services in the field, in the council and on the bench.

GERMANTOWN, August, 3d 1859.

My Dear — In accordance with my promise, I send you some particulars relating to General Nash, derived from Mr. John F. Watson, the Annalist of Philadelphia; and who resides in my vicinity. I copy from Mr. Watson's memoranda his own words, as follows:

"Gen. Nash, of N. C., at the Battle of Germantown, formed with Generals Sterling and Maxwell, a Corps of Reserve.—When the battle began at Chew's House, Gen. Nash was out upon the main street, opposite the Lutheran Church. As he sat upon his horse, with his Aid near him, there came a spent ball, bounding along the street, which struck a stone and bounded obliquely so as to strike and break his thigh, and then to pass from him to his Aid, young Major Witherspoon, son of President Witherspoon, of Princeton College, killing him on the spot.

"Gen. Nash was conveyed with our retreating army back to his former quarters, via Skipack. There he and three other officers are buried, side by side, and on the grave of Gen. Nash stands a marble monument 5 or 6 feet high, having inscribed thereon, the names of the whole. It is in the very rural grave yard of the Mennonites,* in Towamensing township, Montgomery county, 26 miles from Philadelphia. The monument was purchased by a subscription of one dollar each, of equal contributors from persons dwelling in Germantown and Norristown. Gen. Nash survived long enough to reach that vicinity and then died of profuse bleeding. Congress ordered a monument to his memory, but it was never called up for fulfillment by any person interested therein."

That the spot is marked, even thus humbly, which holds all that could die of the gallant North Carolinian, is owing, solely, to the thoughtful zeal of my friend and neighbor, Mr. Watson, who is distinguished, in Pennsylvania, as the industrious annalist of Philadelphia, and respected as a man of intelligence and character.

The cost of the monument he proposed to erect was to be only \$45,—a humble

*A sect of Anabaptists.

affair. He wished to raise this sum by subscriptions—as he has stated—of one dollar each, and aware of my penchant for revolutionary men and events, he considerably invited me, when a very young man, to be one of the contributors. I complied with pleasure and alacrity. It was he who did this good work:—

"And thus, with still, unwearied toil, Thro' death's dim walks he urged his way,— Reclaimed his long-asserted spoil, And led oblivion into day."

But, as Congress has not discharged its duty, and never will, permit me to suggest that North Carolina should no longer remain neglectful of her's. The Legislature should reclaim his bones, and bury them, with all her honors, and with solemn ceremonial, at the Capital of the State; and erect over them a monument worthy of him who so nobly, and at so high a cost, illustrated the principles of your, original, Mecklenburg, Declaration of Independence.

Take your pen, my dear sir, and give it no rest until the "Old North State,"—with characteristic fidelity and liberality,—shall recognise her whole duty in regard to one of her purest and noblest sons, whose martyr-blood cements the earliest foundations of our glorious, priceless, inseparable Union!

Until she does,—while I live,—the sacred spot which the patriotism of our Annalist has marked, with such pious care, shall not want a faithful guardian.

A MAN OF NERVE.—A venerable American judge relates the following anecdote:

"The morning following the battle of Yorktown I had the curiosity to attend the wounded. Among others whose limbs were so much injured as to require amputation was a musician, who had received a musket-ball in the knee. As usual in such cases, preparations were made to prevent the possibility of his moving. Says the sufferer, 'Now, doctor, what would you be at?' 'My lad, I am going to take off your leg, and it is necessary you should be lashed down.' 'I'll consent to no such thing. You may pluck the heart from my bosom, but you'll not confine me. Is there a violin in camp? If so, bring it to me.' A violin was furnished, and after tuning it he said, 'Now, doctor, begin?' And he continued to play until the operation, which took about forty minutes, was completed, without missing a note or moving a muscle.

WILMINGTON.—The enterprise of the citizens of Wilmington is commendable. If they do not build up a great city it will not be their fault. Their energy has already been rewarded with success, but they are still entering every avenue promising a good return.

Recently, the merchants of that place, have determined upon attempting a direct trade with foreign ports. They already have a good trade with the West Indies, and are well supplied with the products of those Islands. With South America they have been enlarging their trade, and recently we noticed a large importation of coffee from Rio Janeiro. We hope they will not stop there. We shall be glad to see her merchants importing direct from Europe the goods, wares and merchandise of its great marts. It is worth the trial, and we hope to see it entered upon with a spirit which will ensure success.—Washington Dispatch.

LINE OF STEAMERS.—Steps are being taken to establish a line of steamers to ply regularly between Newbern and New York. A good idea, and we hope it may succeed.

En passant, what has become of the project which was on foot to establish a line between Carolina City and New York? It seems to be "tip and tuck" with the Newbernians and the friends of Carolina City.

We think both lines would pay, and hope they may be successfully established. Carolinian.

LOST VOICE RECOVERED!

NEW BEDFORD, August 10. Mr. S. W. FOWLE.—Having seen many certificates published in relation to Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, I take this opportunity of offering a word in its favor, which you are also at liberty to publish. A few months since, my wife's lungs became so much affected by a sudden cold, that she lost her voice, and suffered severely from pains in the breast. Her situation caused her friends much alarm. Having heard your Balsam strongly recommended by those who had used it, I purchased a bottle of your agent in this place. She took it according to directions, and it produced a wonderful effect. Before using one bottle, she had completely recovered her voice, the pains subsided and her health was soon fully restored. Yours truly, (Signed) HENRY G. BRIGHTMAN.

None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies,

Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer,

and Cider-Royal of warranted qualities, whole-

sale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin &

McLain, by W. S. CLARK.

Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

JOHN W. PAYNE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, David-

son, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

Jan. 8. 1857. 63-ly.

Business Cards.

NEW FIRM.
PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to
T. J. Patrick,
Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGISTS.
Greensboro, N. C. [4-ly]

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH,
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-
Stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot,
Greensboro, N. C.
Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110-ly

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F.
JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating terms.

His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The Washington Hotel has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES.

January 1st.-ly.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Oration, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON, 107th Baltimore, Md.

LOOK AT THIS.

R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.

Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 39-ly.

LOOK AT THIS!

WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR stock of Spring and Summer Goods. Our entire stock being new and of the latest styles in market, and embracing every variety of dress goods, both for Ladies and Gentlemen; also a heavy stock of Domestic Goods for servants' wear. Also a large stock of Shoes, Boots, fine and common Hats, Caps, Children's fancy hats, Ladies' Bonnets, some very handsomely trimmed, and a great variety of fancy articles.

We will still continue to keep our usual stock of Superior Family Groceries, Java, Laguira and Rio Coffee; Sugars, Teas, Molasses, Syrup, Lard, Oils &c., &c.

We are determined to sell for Cash or on Short Time to punctual dealers, as cheap or cheaper than they can be bought in this or any other market in N. C. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the Cash Market Price. Examine our stock before you purchase elsewhere.

COLE & AMIS,

West Market Street,

Greensboro, N. C.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.—

Porter & Gorrell, Successors to T. J. Patrick, wholesale and retail druggists, are prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the Drug Business, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy stock on hand which has been selected with unusual care we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to Physicians and others who may give us a call. Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable DRUGS. Special attention will be given to orders.

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!!

I INTEND KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices.

	2 inch	3 ply	12 1/2	cts.	per foot.
2 1/2	"	"	15	"	"
3	"	"	17	"	"
4	"	"	22	"	"
5	"	"	27	"	"
6	"	"	32	"	"
7	"	"	38	"	"
8	"	"	42	"	"
10	"	"	60	"	"
12	"	"	72	"	"

J. E. F. BOONE.

ARCHITECTURE. WILLIAM

PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, OFFICE Fayetteville St. Raleigh, will supply Designs, Working Drawings, Specifications and Superintendances for Churches, Public and Private Buildings &c., &c.

He respectfully refers to those by whom he is engaged in this State.

New Baptist Church Committee, Raleigh, University Building Committee, Chapel Hill, New Court House Committee, Yanceyville, Caswell County,

R. S. TUCKER, Raleigh

W. M. BOYLAN, do

W. C. HARRISON, do

W. S. Battle Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe County, and others.

All Letters on Business addressed Box 106 Raleigh, N. C. promptly attended to. 15-51

JAMES S. PATTERSON,

PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York.

Country orders carefully attended to. Feb. 1859. 6-ly

THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Aug. 27, 1859.

C. C. COLE, } Editors and Proprietors.
J. W. ALBRIGHT, }

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

L. W. CARTERS, D.D.,
WM. E. HUNTER,
J. STARR HOLLOWAY,
MR. L. R. SUGGINS,
J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,
S. J. C. WHITFIELD,
MARY W. JAYNES,
WILLIE E. PABON,
INA CLAYTON,
C. G. DENN,
ANNA M. RATES,
GRACE MILWOOD,
MR. L. M. HUTCHINSON,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,
MR. C. HUTCHINS,
GRIFITH J. MOORE,
and others.

Fifty Years Since.

It was striking—the address by Dr. Hooper, at the late commencement of the University of North Carolina, delivered before the association of the Alumni. The Doctor knew whereof he spoke, and if a few running extracts can afford our readers a tithe of the pleasure we felt, first in hearing the speaker, and secondly in reading the speech as published, we very willingly make use of our pencil marks on the margin of the pamphlet:

We come together at this annual festival, to salute and congratulate each other—to look back on the past and compare it with the present—to gratify an honest pride in contrasting the feeble and sickly infancy of our literary mother with her present vigorous maturity, and to breathe a common filial prayer that that vigorous maturity may long flourish, and not soon be succeeded by a languishing old age!

When I look back through the vista of the past fifty years and bring before my "mind's eye" the long train of alumni who have risen to eminence and adorn their country, both at home and abroad, I may be indulged in something of a spirit of glorying, if as a professor of the University, I have had any share in the formation of these ornaments of the republic. I confess, when I look over the catalogue of graduates, and see so many laureled heads into which it was my lot to pack a portion of useful knowledge, I am elated with a little of that pride which swelled the breast of the mother of the gods on Mount Olympus, as she looked at her children around her:

See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold and count them, as they rise to light;
She sees around her in the blest abode,
A hundred sons, and every son a god!

It is my part then, to-day, to go back to the very *incunabula* of our college,—the cradle of its infancy, and to call up recollections of some who rocked that cradle. And I dare say while I am telling the story of the poor and beggarly minority of our *alma mater*, some of her proud, saucy sons of the present generation will smile scornfully at the humility of our origin. When I tell them that the classes of President Polk,—of Gov's, Branch, Brown, Manly, Morehead, Mosely, Spaight—of Judges Murphy, Cameron, Martin, Donnell, Williams, Mason, Anderson; of Senators Mangum, and Haywood—of Drs. Hawks, Morrison, Green, and of many other graduates forty years back, eminent for merit though not holding office—when I tell the proud collegians of the present day, that these men came out of classes consisting of nine, ten, fourteen, fifteen, the largest twenty-one,—they will set up a broad laugh, and think how poor a figure a class of ten or fifteen must cut on a commencement day; and one will say: "Why I graduated with *seventy-five*," and another: "I with one hundred," and another: "I with a hundred and ten."

You have turned the wild into a garden. You have substituted for the meagre bill of fare with which our minds were obliged to content themselves, a table rich in all the stores of learning which a half-century of unexampled progress has heaped upon it.

When I first knew Chapel Hill in January, 1804, the infant university was but about six years old. Its only finished buildings were what are now call-

ed the East Wing and the Old Chapel. The former was then only two stories high, capable of accommodating one tutor and sixty students by crowding four into a room. The faculty consisted of three: President Caldwell, Prof. Bingham, and tutor Henderson. Their college titles were "Old Joe," "Old Slick," and "Little Dick." As a nursery of the college there was then a preparatory school, taught by Matthew Troy and Chesley Daniel. All things were fashioned after the model of Princeton college, and that probably was fashioned after the model of the Scottish universities, by old Dr. Witherspoon. If this were the case, it would seem to account for the small quantum of instruction provided for us, if Dr. Johnson spoke the truth when he said of Scottish education, that "there every body got a mouthful, but nobody got a belly-full."

Having mentioned the library of one of the literary societies, I must carry you back, ye proud Dialectics and Philanthropics of the present age, to your humble birth, and reveal to you your inglorious antecedents. It may be good for you who now loll upon sofas and survey with triumph your thousands of volumes, to look back fifty-five years and glance your eye "into the hole of the pit whence ye were digged." The Dialectic library of this college, all of it, was then contained in one of the cupboards of one of the common rooms in the east building, and consisted of a few half-worn volumes, presented by compassionate individuals, and I think it was in the habit of migrating from room to room, as the librarian was changed, for you may be sure the responsibility of taking care of such a number of books could not be borne long by one pair of shoulders. And, besides, there was some ambition to choose, as librarian, a man who could wait on the ladies with something of that courtly grace which distinguishes the marshals of this polished age. But the cavaliers of that early time, poor fellows! had to make their way to the ladies' hearts without any of the modern artillery of splendid sashes, moustaches and goatees. The naked face, with native flush or native pallor, was all their dependance. The cupboards were not only small but full of rat-holes, and a large rat might have taken his seat upon Rollin's History, the corner stone of the library, and exclaimed with Robinson Crusoe:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My title there's none to dispute."

Such was the infancy of Dialectic knowledge; such the meagre fare provided for Dialectic literary appetite in those primeval days. The societies then had no halls of their own, but held their sessions on different nights in the week in the old chapel, without any fire in the winter, and besides, with the north-wind pouring in through many a broken pane. Think of this, ye pampered collegians, of this effeminate age, and bless your stars that your college times have come fifty years later.

It was at this commencement, I think, (1804) that Greek was made a part of the college course. Gov. Martin, if I recollect was the proposer of the measure. "You study logic," said he, "and you don't know the word from which the term is derived." No doubt the Governor gave some better arguments (if I had been old enough to cherish them) for substituting the classics of Greece for those of France, which had then a factitious importance and popularity from the recent splendor of Voltaire, from our late obligations to the country of La Fayette, and from the overwhelming interest excited by the first French revolution. Greek, after its introduction, became the bug-bear of college. Having been absent when my class began it, I heard, on my return, such a terrific account of it, that I no more durst encounter the Greeks than Xerxes when he fled in consternation across the Hellespont, after the battle of Salamis. As for Chemistry, Differential and Integral Calculus and all that, we never heard of such hard things. They had not then crossed the Roanoke, nor did they appear among us till they were brought in by the Northern barbarians, about the year 1818.

I'll tell you what, gentlemen, it will do well enough for you, who live in these palmy days, and fare sumptuously every day, to call the University your *alma mater*, your *benigna parens*, and all that, now that she is grown to be a fat, buxom lady, with a snug, dear income of fifteen thousand a year. But when I first knew her, she was a very poor woman, and her children of those days would have more appropriately called her "*pauperina mama*!" for she dealt out very scanty allowance to her family either for body or mind, and treated her sons as movers to our new States treat their horses; she turned them out at night to pick up what they could.—The truth is, her mother, the State, acted a very unnatural part towards her, and, soon after she was born, seemed to take a dislike to her own offspring, and to try to starve it. Do you wish to

know the ordinary bill of fare at the Steward's Hall, fifty years ago? As well as I recollect board per annum was thirty-five dollars! This, as you may suppose, would not support a very luxurious table, but the first body of trustees were men who had seen the revolution, and they thought that sum would furnish as good rations as those lived on who won our liberties. Coarse corn bread was the staple food. At dinner the only meat was a fat middling of bacon, surmounting a pile of Coleworts; and the first thing after grace was said (and sometimes before) was for one man, by a single horizontal sweep of his knife, to separate the ribs and lean from the fat, monopolize all the first to himself and leave the remainder for his fellows. At breakfast we had wheat bread and butter and coffee. Our supper was coffee and the corn bread left at dinner, without butter. I remember the shouts of rejoicing when we had assembled at the door, and some one jumping up and looking in at the window, made proclamation: "Wheat bread for supper, boys!" And that wheat bread, over which such rejoicings were raised, believe me gentlemen and ladies, was manufactured out of wheat we call *seconds*, or, as some term it, *grudgeons*. You will not wonder, if, after such a supper, most of the students welcomed the approach of night, as beasts of prey, that they might go a prowling, and seize upon everything eatable within the compass of one or two miles; for, as I told you, our boys were followers of Lycurgus.

Dr. Hooper has lived to old age, and has not lived without observation. The foregoing is taken from what might be termed the basis, and the finishing of the address consists of conclusions built thereon. It will not give a full idea, however, of the character of the address, as much the larger portion is taken up with incidents and accidents of college life, while we have served only the sober history.

A Farce.

The laws of the state require that a man, before he be deemed worthy of the trust of allicense to retail spirituous liquors "for the good of a community," shall prove a good moral character.

The good moral character is demanded in order that the house may be kept within the limits of what the law defines "an orderly house." There must not be therein any drunkenness, profane swearing, or trafficking with negroes.—(Common sense, however, would remark on this feature of the law, that it would be as unreasonable to say the spark—coming in contact—should not explode the keg of powder.) But the law is imperative. The house shall be kept orderly, or the keeper shall be pronounced unworthy his trust, that is, a man morally deficient for his post, and fined accordingly for his breach of trust.

For one who had never before engaged in the traffic, perhaps it were not a difficult task to prove a good character. The laws, however, require a renewal of said license every twelve-month.—And now comes the farce. The record of the court witnesses that the man was indicted the year before for violating the laws respecting an orderly house. He now finds it difficult to produce two witnesses even from his most constant and degraded patrons to say he has what might be called a possible *business* moral character. Yet the Court, the guardian of the public good, vote to renew the license. Perhaps it is well. They know the impossibility of keeping an orderly house, at least the impossibility with any man that would undertake such a business. But the public good and convenience demand the house, and it must be licensed. It is a good trade—the State receives twenty dollars for the license and pays twenty times twenty dollars costs in law suits and indictments! But perhaps it is well again. We have a most magnificent poor house, and it would be a pity to spend so much money in its construction and then not fill it with occupants. The liquor shops are the prolific source of applicants. No doubt the Court puts in the best man that can be found willing to take the place.—Our free institutions forbid the compulsion of men into such places against their will, and though the working of the law is a farce, yet the "Worshipful Court" deserves some commiseration at the hands of the public, as it does the best for the "good of the public," according to its best judgment.

Our Own Gossip.

EDITED BY "PONINGOE."

There is no such thing as estimating, with any degree of correctness, the number of mis-marriages that take place. Here is a man who falls "head-over heels in love" with a bewitching little "charmer," who is not at all calculated to make him happy, and "vice versa," "Nuff ced!" Listen to what "Polly Plum," a new and very welcome contributor, says upon

WEDDED BLISS (?)—Just see here, Mr. Gossip, Tom Plum (that's my old man, you know,) will wait on the gals to life everlasting, and if I see a word, why, he gits jest as mad as blazes; and if I goes to church with Sam Suggins, or knits a per of socks for the preacher on our circuit, or say anybody is handsome or sweet sides Tom, why, he cuts up like anything. I don't think it's right—do you, Mr. Gossip? [nix, Mrs. Plum.—Ed.] And don't you think he makes fun of me right before folks and lafs at me before t'other gals, just cause I aint pretty as I used to be and can't dress as nice. And how can I always be dressed up, working and slavin' as I does? And how can I look as pretty as I used to look, when here I am up and down all night with the baby, and sometimes can't sleep a wink for his cryin' so; and Tom, he won't hire a nurse, cause he sez its expensiveness, and to think he's worth about ten thousand dollars. Wish to goodness I could find his pocket-book! Wonder what good it done me to marry a rich man, for Tom's got more than ten thousand dollars, takin' all his sheep, and horses, and cows into consideration. I done mighty well, I think, but, lo, what good has his money done me; and he's such an illiterate man, and I was always remarkable for my fondness for readin' and writin'. Poor me, we's uncongenial spirits, I'm afraid. But Tom's a mighty likely man, hignorant as he is, Mr. Gossip.

POLLY PLUM.

'Pon our word, 'Polly,' we fear that you might have done better, after all; for what are the dollars worth to a 'voman' if they don't purchase her wedded happiness? However, bear up under your present 'conflixun,' and don't let 'Tom' get the best of you, by any means. 'Polly' follows this up with the following poetical *jeu d'esprit*:

HOUSE KEEPING.

Up before the break of day,
Calling all the negroes out;
Hearing what the wretches say;
Seeing how they frown and pout.
Shivering in the morning air,
While about the fires they fumble;
Hearing all about the house,
And the kitchen, grumble, grumble:
O, if you are keeping house,
You must take 'rough and tumble.'
Dusting off the parlor stands;
Putting all the things to-rights.
Wiping up the drops of grease
What are left about o' nights;
Getting out the breakfast meat;
Measuring out the daily meal;
Looking here and there to see
Who will pick and who will steal,
While the old man of the house,
Scolding, walks in from the stable,
While I call with all my might,
"Dilcy, come and set the table."
Up and down stairs all day long
Brushing walls and sweeping floors;
Seeing if no trash is peeping
In the planks about the doors.
Taking old clothes off the fences;
Picking up old clothes and rags,
Putting them away in baskets
Or in little wooden bags.
Men have trials hard to bear,
But we wives have trials double—
Oh, this keeping house, dear me!
It is nothing else but trouble!

'Jerry Jones,' who is pokin' his nose over our shoulder, says: 'Pend on it, Mr. Gossip! that 'Polly Plum' ar'n't no kummun gal. Shee rites 'bout what she nose sumthing uv, bi crack-eye. Shes thee kind 'er crinerlion that eye'd like ter hitch on 2, by Jimminy, & ef evur eye shud diskuvver 'er, en my journees 'roun' this devolvin' s'fere, eye'll make sich a grab az never wuz heerd tell on senz the deluge. Ten 2 twenty, she k'n keep howse, better 'n most pursons of the petticoat gender, & buy the whey, Gossip, give 'er meye kompleemuntz & oblige yure hoe-bead-eye-ent sarvint.' We hope that 'Polly' will appreciate 'Jerry.' He is a 'tickler' friend of ours, and trust 'Madame Plum' will extend her cordiality, if not on 'Jerry's' account, at least on ours. Another new contributor, to whom we extend our 'paw,' visits us this week in the following comely shape:

YANKEE DOODLE LAWS,

August 20, 1859.

Dear Gossip: Will you not consider me a member of your charming little band, and let me add the out-pourings of my devoted heart to your columns? I declare, I think you are too hard on dear Mr. Trotter; as for my part, I admire him! Now, if he could just see me, oh, cracky! would't his tough old heart undergo a sudden transformation? Yes, I feel it! and one of these days, Mr. Trotter will sign as pathetically, and quote Moore as extensively as the most love-stricken swain. You said last week that you didn't know of anybody likely to suit the 'vidder!' Now, I know somebody that would suit her, if—if—well, no matter what. He is death on the 'vidders,' and, with your permission, I will describe him, or 'ray-thur' attempt it: Tall, (not too much so,) well formed, stately, dignified, and at once courteous, affable and agreeable. His hair is of midnight shade, hanging in clusters around a high, noble brow, and such noble eyes I never saw in anybody else's head. Their gaze when fixed upon you, seems to penetrate into the innermost depths of your very soul. Then his mouth, so firm, yet lovely, and when he smiles you'd almost think it was the smile of an angel. I will not speak of his intellect, except to say that, gifted, high and pure as it is, my poor pen, (if it is good) could not do it justice.—

His disposition is kind, affectionate and tender, yet he is as firm as rock. But I admire his firmness. Why, Mr. Editor, I wouldn't give the worst pain of my heart, or coars either, for a weak man. He is thirty-two and well calculated to suit our cha ming 'vidder.' I hope fate has decreed they meet ere long. If you will consent, I will be happy to "rite to you again, but now 'adieu."

Yours with a flourish,
ADELINE GRASSHOFFER.

Write just as often as you please, 'Addie.' You have our consent: our welcome, too. We like you because you believe in strong men. We, ourselves, dislike a weak man, but, then, a man can't always be what the women would have him be, and, therefore, it don't look hardly reasonable to find much fault. We'll let the Young Widow know all about the chap you mention, and, may-be, she'll have an inkling toward him. If so, 'Addie,' you will certainly be entitled to all the praise in the matter. Jenny Mayflower sends us

A KISS.

There's nothing in the world
Much sweeter than a rose;
There's nothing can compare
In goodness to toes;
There's nothing half so cracked
As lovers' addled brains;
There's nothing half so sharp
As a rum-matic's pains;
There's nothing quite as dull
As man's untreacher wit
When he has tried to bite
And only to be bit;
There's nothing half so soft
As woman's pretty lips;
Nothing as dainty quite
As woman's finger tips.
Yet better, sweeter, purer,
Gentler, softer, too,
Are woman's rosy kisses
Fresh as morning dew.
There's nothing half so great
Nothing half so strong;
There's nothing half so good
To lead a soul from wrong;
There's nothing half so pure
In such a world as this,
Nothing, nothing half so grand (?)
As woman's precious kiss.

Ah-ha! ho, hum, hi, ho! If that isn't poetry, what is? That's the question. The following acceptable communication (though most too sober for the 'Gossip') is from 'Wanderer':

MOUNT PROSPECT, July 29, 1859.

Friend Gossip:—To-day is the anniversary of my birth. Another year has passed beyond the veil, hanging between time and eternity, with its actions, its deeds, and all its sayings by me done or spoken it has flown away, to be entered upon the archives of the hereafter. While I would thus ponder upon the year just gone I would not be sad. Joy and thanksgiving shall be my portion on this bright summer day.

When I awoke this morning I thought I was in a beautiful bower of fragrant flowers. Hanging from the centre of the canopy over my couch, was a beautiful wreath of rose-buds intermingled with lilies of the valley and sprigs of amaranth forming a most beautiful crown of beauty. On either side of me were flowers, tastefully arranged, breathing their sweet odors around and about me. While gazing upon this fair scene, I heard a sweet, low voice near me. I turned my eyes in the direction of the sound and, kneeling beside my couch, with eyes closed and hands raised towards heaven—"Father," she said, "grant that on this, the anniversary of my dear husband's birth, the richest benedictions of thine may rest upon him. Let thy angels have charge over him throughout the year upon which he has just entered; and make me a more loving, faithful wife, and may this year be far happier to us than the one just fled." Our eyes met; then whispering "God bless you," she fell upon my neck and kissed me. Her hand had arranged the fragrant flowers and love had prompted the act.

Who could but be happy under such circumstances? Even a stoic would surrender a willing captive to the charms of such a love. Care may come, and trials buffet me, yet I'll fear not, all is well. I have a good wife, a clear conscience and a peaceful mind. Who could desire more? Could you, dear Gossip? [No sir-ee! Ed.]

There are too many grumblers in the world who curse the day of their birth and lay the blame to fate. They close their eyes to truth and make their lives a series of dark events. They will not be happy at any time, nor in any place. Home is a pandemonium and the wife the husband's slave. Their children are being educated, at the gambling hell, to hate their mothers, to curse their fathers, and ruin themselves. The wife once beautiful and kind is herself a wreck. He who promised to protect and love her, beats and hates her. How dark the picture! yet how true! Oh, ye who have wives, cherish and love them, and your homes will prove the verdant oasis in life's Sahara. Then will the anniversary of your day be ever hailed at each return, with holiest joy.

Yours cordially,

"WANDERER."

Good advice, that. The man who, under any circumstances, will beat or mistreat a woman ought to be served up (a la sausage) in some cheap "vittling shop." Give us the man who will stand up in the defence of woman! He's a 'brick.' In the sweet language of a poet, whose name is now buried up beneath the waves of oblivion:

To fite fur wooman is a grate—
A glorious priviledge,
He wot wout do it ought to be
Set on a saw's sharp edge;
His har it ought to be krypt short,
He ort tu war a wig,
His bewts should pinch his fete so tight
That he would dance a jig;
Life ne'er to him no joy shud bring
The heartless, good-fur-nothin thing.

Such sentiments always find a ready response in our "buzzum" and they "ort ter" in the chest of every human being. Articles from "P. P." received and will appear. Many thanks for them. They are just the "screeds" for this department of our paper. Short articles on every-day subjects are what we want. A. G.—Shall we hear

from you again, soon?..... P. S. S. Can't you send us something for the 'Gossip' 'T would tickle us to death! Blessings rest on you 'Gossips, one and all, now and forever.

WHEN HEARTS LIKE OURS.

BY A. PERRY SPERRY.

When hearts like ours, grow cold and chill,
And age creeps on apace,
And time, which now we strive to kill,
Leaves wrinkles on each face:
I wonder, if in memory's glass
These scenes will come again—
And whisper, gently, as they pass
Our childhood's gentle strain.

I wonder, when our lips grow thin,
And gray hairs deck the brow,
If we will think it any sin
To kiss as we do now;
Or if the love which lights these hours
And fills our hearts with peace,
Will strew our downy path with flowers,
And with our years increase.

God grant it, love, to you and me
That we grow old together,
No odds how rough life's heaving sea,
No odds how cold its weather,
If love but keep his fires bright
We'll fear no storm or cold,
For life will be a dream of light,
And we will ne'er grow old.

LIFE'S CHANGES;

OR,
Floy's Story.

BY JULIA SOUTHWALL.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LIFE'S WEARINESS.

Though dark the heart may throb beneath
The crusts, in despair,
What matters it? The jewel-wreath
Will hide the ruin there.

(Mrs. Osgood.)

IN an elegant boudoir, furnished with all the luxuries that wealth could purchase or fancy suggest, sat Zillah d'Essars. Though the morning had been bright and sunny, the sunlight was now shut out by the dull, heavy clouds, that kept up a hazy, drizzling rain, trickling down the windows in a thousand little streams.

Zillah sat watching the pattering drops with hands idly folded, and a feeling of listlessness and depression spread a languor through her system. Her dressing-gown trailed heavily upon the carpet, and her rich black hair, half escaping the golden pins which confined it, fell in confusion over her shoulders. Her whole appearance indicated weariness and languor.—There is no sickness to be compared with *ennui*. Those who are obliged to work, and whose daily bread is hardly earned, envy the pleasures of the rich; these, in turn, pride themselves upon their wealth, look with contempt upon their poorer neighbors, and yet, if the truth were known, the rich man is far the least envious of the two. An irreligious rich man is the most unhappy being on earth. He does no good with his wealth, has nothing in the world to do but enjoy himself, and after draining the cup of pleasure to the dregs, sits down with folded hands, life becomes a burden, existence aimless, useless, hopeless. Some feverish pleasure arouses him, and after a brief excitement, the heart-sickness comes again. They are only happy when under the influence of strong excitement, and this is why so many of the women wear out their lives in the ball room, and so many of the men are gamblers and drunkards. The poor complain—I have to labor so hard. The rich say—Oh! dear, I've nothing to do. People can't be happy unless they are employed in something. But to return.

Zillah sat in her room, uneasy and languid. She thought it was the rain, at first, but she did not long deceive herself. She tried to read, and ended by throwing the book to the far end of the room; she tried to sew, and broke the needle in her fingers; she drew her harp to her side and began to sing; insensibly her fingers wandered over the chords. Finally she pushed it back with petulant weariness, saying, fretfully:

"Rain! rain! rain! what a wretched day!"

"You seem unhappy, Zillah," said her husband, looking half sadly upon the clouded face.

Zillah tried to smile.

"Not unhappy. Only dull and languid. Heigh ho! I am tired of this life."

"Weary of life! You are ungrateful, Zillah."

"I know it," she said, sighing.—

"Mamma's health is entirely restored, I am blessed beyond—far beyond—the generality of mortals, I have all that makes life desirable, yet I am restless and dissatisfied."

"You do not generally seem unhappy."

"Oh! no, I am not. Sometimes I enjoy life more than I ever did, but it is only during strong excitement. There are some natures, Lucien, which cannot bear trouble, some which are ennobled by it, and some which are embittered and injured by it. I am among the last class.

If you touch the nest of some birds, they will never return to it, even though you restore the eggs, and arrange it as it was before a stranger hand despoiled it. It is so with me. When I was happy and careless in my childhood's home, I knew nothing of sorrow, save by name. I have now endured much, in many ways, and though I should be happier now, judging by the world's criterion, I am restless and often miserable. I shall never be truly happy again."

"Yes, you will when you have learned to lay the burden you are unable to bear at the foot of the cross, and begin life's pilgrimage meekly, hopefully, submissively. Then you will be happy, and not till then."

She looked up quickly.
"Have you begun this pilgrimage?"

"I have."

The proud head bent reverently, as he uttered the words.

She said nothing, but looked out at the drizzling rain, and the wet London streets, and the leaden sky, in silence. Her husband's reply filled her heart with a glow of grateful joy, followed by a pang of keen regret. The unregenerated heart is the most selfish thing in nature. Zillah loved her husband as well as she could love any one on earth, and her first sensation was one of unmixed rejoicing that he was so blest, but I believe it to be invariably the case with an irreligious mind, that this pure feeling is succeeded by a painful sensation of being left alone in the dark, and an undefined regret, that it should be so. So it was with Zillah. As she watched the heavy, slate-colored clouds, and hazy, foggy rain, so fitting a type of her own soul, she suddenly averted her gaze and burst into tears.

Lucien was startled. Zillah seldom wept, either in joy or sorrow, and he knew that something must have powerfully swept the chords of her strong heart, to move her thus. He approached her and took her hand.

"Dear Zillah, what is it? Of what are you thinking?"

She wept passionately, and paid no heed to his words. He waited patiently until the paroxysm had passed, and then she raised her tearful face and said:

"When you told me you were a Christian, Lucien, I was glad, at first, but the joy was followed almost instantly by a feeling of such utter loneliness, that—will you believe me?—I almost regretted that you were so blest. Then I looked out at the heavy clouds and dull rain, till it seemed a type of my inner life. Then I wept, for at that moment all of life seemed to me so utterly worthless so utterly blank."

"It will seem so often, Zillah. Life is worse than worthless unless we use it aright, and hitherto you and I have both wasted our time and talents. But we will begin a better life, Zillah, before it is too late."

She said nothing, but her face worked convulsively, and a shudder ran through her frame.

"You are excited and troubled, Zillah, over the events of last night. You must not let this work too much on your mind, Zillah. You will yet be happy."

She forced herself to smile cheerfully, and rising, she busied herself with arranging some beautiful hot house flowers in a rich vase which Lucien had given her the day before. As she arranged and rearranged their glowing petals, a servant entered hastily, saying:

"There is a servant of Lord Hartledon below, sir, who insists on seeing you at once."

"Let him come up, John," replied Lucien, glancing at Zillah.

She had lifted the vase, with its brilliant burden from the table on which it had rested, intending to carry it to another room, but the man's words arrested her, and she stood in the centre of the apartment as if petrified.

Hasty feet were heard on the stairs, and a man rushed in exclaiming:

"Lord Hartledon is dead—poisoned, and by himself; and my lady entreats Madame d'Essars to come at once to her."

The beautiful and costly vase fell from Zillah's nerveless hands, shivering into fragments at her feet, and scattering the gay flowers, so carefully arranged, over the floor.

"Order the carriage!" said Lucien to his own servants, who stood at the door. "My lady's carriage is at the door," said the messenger, promptly. "Come at once, madam, I beg. My lady is in a bad way."

And they went.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TRANSGRESSOR'S WAY.

THE house was a Babel of distracted confusion. The parlor in which lay the body of the suicide was half filled with a frightened, eager crowd, adding confusion and disarray to the scene. The dead man had not been moved, and some of the lamps, which no one had thought of extinguishing, had burned out, while the remaining lights shed a ghastly glare upon the pale, awe-struck faces beneath them. The strong perfume which emanated from the poison was al-

most unbearable, so the windows had been thrown open, and the damp, chilly wind drove in the foggy rain.

Zillah did not enter this room but followed a frightened-looking waiting-maid up stairs. Pausing before a closed door, the girl knocked, but received no reply.

"My lady! Lady Hartledon! Open the door! Madame d'Essars, whom you sent for, has come."

The door was immediately unlocked, thrown open, and Zillah entered. A white, white face, worn and wasted as with years of sorrow, was so utterly unlike the brilliant, blooming beauty at the last night's ball that Zillah scarcely recognized in it her cousin Marcella. The unhappy woman sank down at Zillah's feet, and, clasping her arms around her, laid her head against her, sobbing with hysterical violence.

"You have come," she said, clinging around her cousin as if she feared she would repulse her. "You pity me at last, Zillah!"

Zillah unwound the clinging arms, knelt by the woman she had so hated, and raising the bowed head to her bosom, spoke comforting words which felt like balm upon Marcella's bleeding heart.

"You forgive me, then?" sobbed Lady Hartledon. "You, whom I have injured so much! Oh! Zillah, pity me, love me, let me forget, for a little while."

"I do pity, I do love you, and I have nothing to forgive. Ella, my cousin, I have been very wicked. I put myself in God's stead, and presumed to avenge myself. I judged you fiercely, unrelentingly, and I forgot the warning to beware of the judgment awaiting me."

"Only say you forgive me!" pleaded Marcella, eagerly.

"I forgive you, as I hope to be forgiven. It was Claire, not me, whom you injured, and I had no right to hate you so. A weak worm of the dust, presumed to avenge another's sufferings, forgetting that vengeance is the Lord's, when I, too, had need of forgiveness."

They knelt together and wept. After a time Marcella arose, but sat upon the floor again, with her hands lying listlessly in her lap, and her whole appearance indicated utter despair.

"Dearest mamma," said a soft, sweet voice beside her, and Zillah was startled by the vision of a beautiful child, with rippling waves of golden hair, like Claire's, and azure eyes, filled with a holy sorrow. "Dearest mamma, do not look so. We will go to America and you will be happy, mamma, will you not? Look at me, mamma. Speak to your little Venice."

"Oh! Zillah, will you care for my child?" cried the unhappy mother, as she folded Venice to her bosom. "I will hide my sorrows behind the convent wall, and, if life-long sorrow and penitence can atone for the past, consecrate myself to the service of heaven."

"Oh! do not, Marcella, I entreat you!" cried Zillah. "Do not let despair so mislead."

"Do not urge me. I have long determined on this, even if he had lived. Will you take my child, Zillah?"

"Surely, surely, I will!" replied Zillah, "but oh! Marcella, do not think of this thing."

"I have determined. God bless you, Zillah, and my darling child. Leave me now, and take Venice with you."

She caught up the child, passionately embraced her, and placed her in Zillah's arms. Then she threw herself upon the bed with her face downward, her hands thrown above her head, and clasped, with the palms thrown outward.

"We had better go, lady," said the child, tears trembling in her clear blue eyes, as she looked upon the figure of her mother. "She will lie, as if in a stupor, for hours. She had just revived when you came."

Zillah gazed in astonishment at the little, womanly creature, as she smoothed her mother's long, black hair, and kissed the pale hands clasped above the despairing head.

"Dear little one," murmured Zillah, "are you willing to go with me?"

The child clasped her hand with sweet confidence.

"Mamma said I must," she said, simply. Zillah descended the stairs, and, joining her husband, left the house.

"Lucien," she said, when they were driving back through the rain, "Marcella is going to enter a convent and has given me this child, her little Venice. I promised to take her as my own, and I need not ask if it meets your approval."

"Assuredly, Zillah, and I have another proposition to make. Your mother's health is entirely restored; and she wishes to return to America. What do you say to returning at once?"

"Oh! as soon as possible—to-day, to-morrow! The sooner the better," cried Zillah. "I do so long for home."

"And where," said Lucien, "in all America would you choose your home?"

"At Sutherland Hall," replied Zillah, "No other place will ever be home-like to me or mamma."

"Then we will return with little Venice, to Sutherland Hall."

They had reached their abode, and at the door, in the now furious winds and beating rain, stood a tall figure, wrapped in a long, black cloak. At first they did not observe it, but as Lucien was carrying

the little Venice in the door, the figure put out a hand and touched him.

"I wish to speak with you."

This was all the voice said, but its peculiarly rich tones could never be forgotten. It was St. Leger.

"Come in," said d'Essars, and the gipsy followed him into the house.

Dropping the long cloak the moment he stood in the room with them, he appeared clad in the wild, half-savage outlaw dress which he wore when Zillah first saw him.

"I have accomplished my mission," he said, and his voice was hoarse and unnatural; "and I am about to leave this land, never to see you more. When I first met you, Zillah, though I was an outlawed gipsy, there was yet a spark of humanity in my breast, which you might have kindled to a bright flame. You were my sister, the child of my dear mother. I went to you with love and repentance; you received me with scorn and contempt. But let that pass. It was just. I went from you, doubly embittered, feeling to the fullest extent how utterly outcast and alone I was, I followed Lord Hartledon to wreak on him the vengeance I believed my due. I met that child. She alone, of all created beings, truly loved me, and pitied. I looked upon her as one of angelic nature, and I would harm no one dear to her. She taught me that there is a God who will hear and heed the prayers of guilty wretched men like myself. Profit by her teachings, Zillah."

"I know, by the prophetic warning that thrills every gipsy-heart, that when I leave this continent I will never reach the other alive. I love you yet, Zillah, and I could not bear to go to my death without bidding you farewell. Where is the ruby cross the sybil gave you?"

"Oh! Emmett, my brother, is it possible that I have crushed and darkened your life, even while I so harshly judged another for her injury to me? Oh! God, forgive my impious arrogance, that I should have dared to judge for Thee!"

"Do not go, Emmett," said Lucien d'Essars, taking the gipsy's hand. "Renounce your wild life and become one of us. You have good, much good, left in your soul."

"You mean well, and I thank you," replied the outlaw, "but my destiny leads me elsewhere. 'Zillah,' turning to his weeping sister, 'do not grieve. Give me the ruby cross. You do not need it now. You, at least, of all the children of Zillah, are blest. Give me the cross.'

She loosened from her neck, and placed it in his hand.

"Tell me, Emmett, what it is that burns in that blood-red cross, when I am very much troubled or excited?"

"It is nothing supernatural, Zillah," he replied; sadly smiling, "but I cannot reveal the gipsy secret. Adieu."

"If you reach America safely, will you not see me again, my brother?"

"If I reach America alive, I will cease to be a gipsy, and become as one of you."

He kissed the little Venice, again and again, embraced his sister for the first and the last time, and, gathering up the long black cloak, went away in the darkness and the storm.

Zillah d'Essars arose from her knees that night, a wiser and a better woman.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GRIEVE NOT FOR THE PAST.

BY HUGH.

Grieve not, my friends, o'er faded days,
And moments that will ne'er return;
For they are irrevocable,
Though you should o'er them ever mourn.
The past is all a misty vale,
Its memory often brings no pain;
Then weep not o'er the faded rose—
Tears will not make it bloom again.
Improve the moments as they pass,
For very soon they'll not be thine;
They're moving swiftly to the past,
And o'er them too you soon must pine.
Go forth to meet thy future days,
With manly heart and strengthened arm;
Relying on the shield of truth,
To save thy soul from every harm.
Though turbid waters round thee roar,
And clouds of sadness give thee sorrow;
Go on! fail not to remember still,
That, clouds to-day, sunshine to-morrow.

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON NEWS.—Consider how universal are newspapers in America. They penetrate every nook and corner of society. No other element of power has such a sphere. The pulpit, the court, the lecture, compared with the newspaper, touch society in but few places.—The newspaper in America is universal. It reaches within and without, from surface to core; it travels everywhere, is bought by everybody, read by all classes, and is wholly or nearly the only reading of more than half our population. Its service to good morals and to intelligence among the people is incalculable. All the libraries of Europe are not of as much service to the nations of Europe as the newspaper is to the American nation. Its power is growing! Who would, twenty years ago, have dreamed of such a growth and power as has been developed? But the next twenty years will witness a greater. The editor is to be the schoolmaster. The best talent will find its highest sphere in the editorial room. Already that chair is more influential than the bench or the

platform. No brain can set upon so many as that which speaks by the printing press. Ink beats like blood in the veins of the nation.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SLEEP.

BY CORA MAY.

The night is falling softly
Over the land and sea,
And the rare, sweet, summer flowers
That blossom o'er the lea,
Are folding their dainty petals,
Closing their starry eyes,
While softly, the dew like a blessing
Falls from the sparkling skies.

And sleep,—the beautiful angel,
Is floating o'er the land,
Working her magical wonders,
Waving her fairy wand—
Over the troubled spirit,
Calming the soul's unrest,
Banishing every sorrow
Hidden within the breast;

Closing the weary eyelids,
Kissing them fast asleep,
Locking each sense in slumber,
Dreamless, quiet, and deep;
Keeping her sacred vigils,
'Till the pearly gates of day
Are opened by rosy fingers,
And darkness flies away.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

What Constitutes A Gentleman?

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

There are many questions over which the world has fought and wrangled, of far less importance than the one which heads this paragraph, and though ages have passed away, yet still there remains a class where only ideas of gentility are connected with wealth, and station, and who cannot think of virtue, honor, and education as proper attributes of a gentleman, without accompanied with birth and wealth.

For merely *gentle people*—that is to say those who call themselves *gentlemen*—who never pay their debts, who live beyond their income, and who boast of their acquaintance with the Hon. Mr. So and So, we have the greatest possible horror—we would sooner seize the rough unwashed hand of an *honest toiler*, than take the tip of the white Kidded fingers of a fop—the former we could respect, but the latter we despise.

The "Bard of Avon" has asked "what's in a name?" and we reply, a great deal in these days of progress. Call things by their *right names*, and many a "*gentleman*" would be put to the blush, and many a *fashionable Miss* hide her head in shame. Tell Miss Smith that she was "telling a lie," when she ordered the footman to say "not at home," and she would be astonished at your impudence, and by venturing to hint to Jack Jones that wearing fashionable clothes without paying the tailor was a dishonest swindle, he would no doubt cut your acquaintance.

There seems to be an idea pretty prevalent that money makes the gentleman. Take an example—you give a beggar a dime, and he blesses you, and says "you're a gentleman"—refuse him, and curses, not only deep but loud shall be your position. Go to a restaurant, give the waiter an extra dime, and you are a gentleman, neglect it, and you are put down as no account, and all his fellow servants will be posted as regards the fact, "you are no gentleman."

A true gentleman cannot be bribed, bought or sold, and to be one requires a high standard of morality, an unflinching love of truth, and virtue, honesty, and justice combined. There is hope for all of us—we can gain these attributes by education and experience, and thus become really what we desire. What then is a gentleman? We answer, one who is neither a liar or a thief—a scoundrel at other men's creeds—a bombastic talker—a showy dresser—a swindler—a hanger on at Lager Beer Shops—a pigeon—a bully, or a quack. Whenever you feel inclined to doubt just see if your acquaintance is any of these, and if not, you can depend that he is a *perfect Gentleman*.

SINGULAR TRADITION.—Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men, all of whom were of fair complexion; and that, after making them, he led them to the margin of a small lake and bade them leap therein and wash.—One immediately obeyed, and came from the water purer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which time the water, agitated by the first, had become slightly muddy, and when he had bathed he came up copper-colored; the third did not leap in till the water became black with mud, and he came out with its own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and the two having felt the weight chose the heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest.—When the packages were opened the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second wrapped hunting, fishing and warlike apparatus; the third gave to the white man, pens, ink, and paper—the engine of the mind—the mutual, mental improvement—the social link of human—the foundation of the white man's superiority.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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FRIENDSHIP.

Rev. Moses J. Hunt, preacher in charge of Guilford circuit, has been instrumental in having erected at Friendship a neat church, the dedicatory sermon being preached by Rev. Wm. Barringer the last Sunday in July. Friendship had long been noted as a place of much dissipation and wickedness, and had never had a church in the town or immediate community. Some months ago they determined to abandon the sale of spirituous liquors and to erect this church. It cost about \$1200, and more than three-fourths of the money was given by men of the world.

Immediately upon the opening of the church for services, God blessed the good deeds and liberality of the people with the outpouring of his spirit, and sinners were converted to take charge of the building they had erected to the service of God. Mr. Hunt says of the revival:

"In the evening (of the day of Dedication) we had service again, and the Lord poured out his Spirit upon the people, in a gracious manner, believers were blessed, sinners convicted, and mourners converted.

The meeting has been protracted fourteen days, and the interest is still increasing. About 59 have professed faith in Christ; ten or twelve of whom were colored; a class has been formed which now numbers 50, 8 of whom were members of other churches on the circuit.

Friendship has been called a wicked place, I have no doubt but it was; yet I can say, since I have been preaching there, the people have been kind, civil and hospitable; large congregations have attended church; and I am sure that I never served a people who were more orderly, respectful and attentive. In fact, I have seen but one man intoxicated, and he was from another village. Friendship has a bright future. May the work go on. Pray for us. Yours in Christ, MOSES J. HUNT.
Aug. 13, 1859."

A NOBLE WORK.—Our P. M., B. G. Graham, Esq., has a suitable box placed in the Post Office for the reception of contributions to assist in the praiseworthy work of completing the splendid monument to the Father of his country, commenced some years ago at Washington. Circulars have been sent to the many thousand Post Offices in the Union, and it is confidently expected that a sufficient sum will be raised through the agency of the Post Masters to accomplish the noble work.

We hope our citizens will not fail to contribute their just share to the said great national work.

SALE OF A WHITE WOMAN TO NEGROES IN MASSACHUSETTS.—For consistency and the honor of the State, we hope the following, taken from the New Bedford Times, a reliable paper, is wholly untrue:

We have reliable authority for stating that a white woman was sold in this city the other day to a negro for the sum of \$50. She remained in his service for a day and a night, and then returned by underground railroad to her master. He sold her shortly afterwards to another negro for the sum of \$30 cash down. This selling of white women to negroes is not occasional, but is almost an every day transaction, as we have ascertained after some little inquiry. As that veteran but defunct town crier—Tom Williams used to say; so many with faithfulness he said now; 'Git along in; you're just as good as us.' There is no such slave degradation in the whole South, as will compare with doings on some of our own streets.

The Southern Railroad Convention, among other business to-day, resolved to run a double train between New York and New Orleans, from Thursday next.

The Breweries of London.

It is stated that the seventeen firms known as the great brewers of London, produce nearly a thousand millions of tumblers of ale and porter every year. One of the establishments is thus described:

Of the seventeen great London breweries, the house of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton & Co., stood last year at the top of the list, having consumed 140,000 quarters of malt, and paid to the excise £180,000 or enough to build two ninety gun ships, at the usual cost of a thousand pounds per gun. The visitor in proceeding through this establishment realizes, perhaps better than in any other place, the enormous scale in which certain creature-comforts for the use of the town are produced. As he walks between the huge boilers in which 1600 barrels are brewed nearly every day, or makes the circuit of the four great vats each containing 80,000 gallons of liquor, or loses himself amid the labyrinth of 135 enormous reservoirs, which altogether hold 3,500,000 gallons—he begins to fancy himself an inhabitant of Lilliput, who has gone astray in a Brobdingnagian cellar.

There is a popular notion that the famed London stout owes its flavor to the Thames water; this, however, is a "vulgar error." Not even the Messrs. Barclay, who are upon the stream, draw any of their supply from that source, but it is got entirely from wells, and those sunk so deep, that they and the Messrs. Culvert, whose brewery is half a mile distant, upon the opposite side of the river, find they are rivals for the same spring. When one brewery pumps, it drains the wells of the other, and the firms are obliged to obtain their water on alternate days. Whether it is owing to the increase of the great breweries and of other manufactories which alone consume millions of barrels of water yearly, we know not, but it is an ascertained fact that the depth of water in the London wells has for the last twenty-five years been diminishing at the rate of a foot a year. "It is comforting to reflect," said one of the great brewers, "that the reason simply is, because the water which used to be buried under ground, is now brought up to fill the bodies, wash the faces, and turn the wheels of two millions and a half of people."

THE RESULT IN NORTH CAROLINA.—By a comparison of the official votes in all the Districts in this State, we make up the majorities as follows:

1st District Smith's majority.....	514
2d District, Ruffin's majority.....	3951
3d District, Winslow's majority.....	3490
4th District, Branch's majority.....	3318
5th District, Gilmer's majority.....	1849
6th District, Leach's majority.....	992
7th District, Craige's majority.....	1420
8th District, Vance's majority.....	1695

THE NEXT CENSUS.—Next year the eighth census of the United States will have to be taken. The editor of the Nashville News, who was once the "chicken man," and knows the difficulties of the position, suggests as aids to his successors that each farmer this fall, as he gathers his crops, shall keep something like an accurate account of the quantity and value of the same. And if he will take the trouble to make out a statement of the names and ages of his family; the number of acres of land, cleared and timbered; the number and ages of his servants; the number and value of his horses and mules; the number of bales of cotton, barrels of corn, bushels of wheat, oats, rye, barley, potatoes, &c., and the value of each, and leave it in some place where any member of the family who may be at home when the deputy marshal shall call can readily get hold of it, it will save time to all concerned, and very greatly assist to make the census returns perfect, complete and satisfactory.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.—Meetings have been appointed to be held at Friendship, Saturday 27th., Jamestown, Friday, September 2nd., and Oak Ridge, Saturday 3rd., for the purpose of organizing Divisions of the Sons of Temperance. One also at Monticello, day not appointed.—Speeches at each place.

MAGNIFICENT PRESENT TO QUEEN VICTORIA.—The London Chronicle says:

"We can state, on the authority of a private letter from India, that the Maharajah of Cashmere is forwarding, as a present to her Majesty, a most costly shawl tent, which will contain moreover a bedstead of solid gold. The value of this regal offering is said to exceed £150,000."

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The latest dates are by the Hungarian, arrived at Quebec 21st inst. The general news is interesting, but nothing strikingly important. The Peace Congress met at Zurich on the 8th; but nothing had transpired of their proceedings thus far. Sardinia was represented. The Ambassadors to the Conference were warmly welcomed.

Parliament is still debating the Italian question.

The completion of the Great Eastern steamship was formally celebrated on the 8th inst. The conquest on the occasion was largely attended, and by several distinguished men.

The Grand Duke Constantine had arrived at Spithead, in a ship of war.

The provisions of Hon. Sydney Herbert's new bill, organizing a military reserve force, has been published in the London papers.

Gen. Wm. Walker gives notice that all who want to join his next expedition to Nicaragua must be in New Orleans, September, 16th.

POST OFFICE AFFAIRS.—The Post Office General has ordered the following: A new office at Jackson's Creek, Randolph, N. C. In the same State the following have been discontinued: Summer's Mill, Guilford; Potato Creek, Ashe; Jenny Lind, Chatham; Baker's Creek, Bladen; Clingman, Cleveland.

A great freshet occurred near Pittsburg, Pa., on Tuesday. Bridges and even houses were swept away.

THE RUINS OF HUMANITY.—Of all the ruins on which the eye of man can gaze, or on which his memory can dwell, none are more painfully sublime than the ruins of humanity. And what are they? Not the deep furrows which time plows on the cheeks, or the silvery whiteness with which years cover the head—not the curved spine, which bows the face to the earth as if it looked for a grave to rest in; for the wrinkled cheek and the bleached head, and the stooping frame, are the appropriate accompaniments of old age, and as beautiful in the system of life as winter with its leafless trees and frozen streams in the system of the seasons. But the ruins of humanity are seen in wrinkles which time has not made—in a frame trembling with anxiety, shaken by sorrow, humbled by sin, withered by despair—when the beauty of youth is gone, and the beauty of age has not supplied its place. 'Tis as melancholy as snow in harvest.

PRIVATE CORNER.

MARCUS.—The very dry weather down our way has nearly completely dried up all vegetation; we are exceedingly glad, therefore, that your "Salad" is yet green and flourishing.—We will serve up a few messes along occasionally.

LELA.—should not forget an inflexible rule, that all articles for publication must be accompanied with the proper name of the writer. Send as your name, Lela.

MABEL LANSING.—Your sketch of the "Orphan" is truly pathetic, just such as we knew you could write.

W. J. R. Poem received.
A. L. MESERVE.—Ballad received, but have not yet had time to read it.

MARRIED.

At West Green, Tuesday, 16th August, by Rev. M. J. Hunt, Dr. J. B. G. FAUCETT, of Alabama, to Miss CATHERINE R. WESTBROOK, of Guilford.

Simultaneously, on Thursday morning, 4th inst., at St. Paul's Church, by Rev. David Kerr, Rector, Richard F. Yarbrough, Esq., to Miss Eleanor S. Foster—and John Neal, Esq., to Miss A. Fanny Yarbrough, all of Louisville.

On 5th inst., in Granville county, N. C., by the Rev. B. B. Hester, Mr. Joseph P. K. L. Y. Davis, son of Isham A. B. C. Davis to Miss Mary E. L. N. Y. C. Perry, daughter of Peter P. E. and Agnes Y. T. O. Perry.

What's in a name.

Tribute of Respect.

GREENSBORO LODGE No 76 A. Y. M.
August 27th 1859.

The committee appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the feelings of the Lodge on the death of Bro P. C. SCOTT, who died in this county on the 27th July, presented the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted.

Resolved.—1st. That while we humbly recognize the hand of the Grand Master of the Universe in removing from our midst our Bro Scott, we would express our sense of bereavement in the loss of one, who, while he may have had his faults (for who has not?) had also a generous manly heart; and while we forget the former, let us remember and imitate the latter.

Resolved.—2nd. That we render our sympathies to all the relations and friends of our deceased Brother and particularly to his bereaved wife, and pray that he who has promised to be a Husband to the widow will comfort her in her desolation and bereavement.

Resolved.—3rd. That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the wife of our deceased Brother and a copy also presented to the Greensboro Patriot and Times.

C. N. FLINN.
J. R. TAPLEY. } Com.
J. R. WHARTON }

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines (for 100 words) for one week \$1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
One square, 5.00	\$ 7.00	\$12.00	
Two squares, 9.00	14.00	22.00	
Three " 12.00	18.00	30.00	
Half column 20.00	30.00	50.00	
One column 34.00	50.00	80.00	

Professional and business cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum, \$5.00

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—I desire to sell my House and Lot, situated in a desirable place in Greensboro. Terms reasonable. Enquire immediately of Aug. 20—tf GEORGE M. ADAMS.

PAIR NOTICE.—Those indebted to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn, & Co., by Note or Account must settle up by the first of September, or their accounts will be placed in the hands of an Officer for collection.
J. W. DOAK, Sure. Partner.
Aug. 8th 1859. 32—tf.

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There are hundreds of families in North Carolina where these Pianos are used. We name a few out of Wilmington. Hon. L. O. B. Branch, Esq., W. Cole, Esq., Gen. G. M. Leach, Carolina Female College, Salem Academy, Rev. R. Burwell, Hillsboro, Rev. T. Campbell, Salisbury, Professor Woolle of Greensboro Female College &c.

In Wilmington we refer to the following gentlemen who have Knabe's Pianos in use: Geo. Myers, Esq., F. D. Poisson, Esq., Griffith J. McKee, Esq., and others. We deliver these Pianos in Wilmington at the published rates of the Manufacturers. Every instrument has the full iron frame, and is fully warranted.

One thing we wish distinctly understood. They have never failed to secure the HIGHEST PREMIUMS, whenever brought in competition with others!

Pianos now in store, just received, and can be delivered immediately, by

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W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.

Mrs. Lucy Jones, }
Miss Bettie Carter, } Assistants in Literary Department
Miss E. E. Morris, }
Miss A. M. Hagen, }
Miss L. C. Van Vleet, } Assistants in Music.
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Rev. J. Bethel, }
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Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks.
Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) \$50; Tuition, \$20; Incidental Tax, \$1; French, \$10; Latin or Greek, \$5; Oil Painting, \$20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, \$22.50; Music on Guitar, \$21; Graduation Fee \$5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the second Thursday in June.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue; summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information apply to the President. (11-ly)

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL,

High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensboro.

Rev. N. McK. RAY, Principal, with efficient assistants.

The next Session of this Institution will begin the 1st, Monday in August. Its patronage and prospects are such as to render it probable that we shall not be able to accommodate all applicants with board in the Institution. Those who desire therefore to board in the Institution would do well to apply soon. Arrangements have been made to accommodate any number in private families. The undersigned and his family dwell in the Institution. Instruction is given in all the branches taught in the best Female Institutions. We have apparatus, new Pianos &c. The expenses are less than at any other Institution of the same character in the State. Board alone and the English Branches \$40 to \$55 per session. Latin and Greek each \$7.50. French \$5. Ornaments very low. Board and half the tuition required in advance.

30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for tuition until they can teach and pay for it.

Wanted Situations for Southern Female Teachers. For full information address.
REV. W. I. LANGDON, Proprietor.
June 27th 1859.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Aug. 17.

Reported expressly for the Times

By Cole & Amis.

Bacon 12@15; Beef 4@5; Butter 25@30; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14@15; Candles, Tallow 20@25; Adamantine 28@30; Spermac 40@45; Corn 0@1.00; Meal 0@1.00; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 6@8; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00@6.00; Flaxseed 0.80; Hides, green 5; lasses 25@40; Nails 6@7; Oats 35; Peas, yellow 75@90; White 75@90; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 24@; Rice 8@90; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12; Leaf 15, crushed 15, clarified 15; Tallow 12@15; Wheat 80@1.00; Wool 25@30.
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NORFOLK MARKET, Aug. 18th.

Reported expressly for the Times

By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Family \$7.00@8.00; Flaxseed, 0.80; Extra 6.00@6.50; Beans, 0.30; Superfine, 5.75; Dried Apples, 3 lb. of 28 lbs., 1.25; Yellow, 75; Peaches, 40 lbs., 1.25; Wheat, White 1 00@1.25; Bacon, W. sho'd 6; Red, 100@120; do. 100@120; Cotton, 11@12; do. 10@11; Peas, Black Eye 1.25; do. Sides 10@11; Lard, N.C. & V. no. 1 12; do. 2 12; do 3 12; Fish, Mackerel 1.12.50; do hhd 40; do No 2 11.00; do bbl. 48; do 3, 10.00; do bbl. 48.
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REMARKS:

CORN.—Receipts have not been full for the week, and with but a moderate demand, largely more than enough to keep the market clear of stock. We quote good Mixed and 75 cents White at 75, Yellow 76@78 cents, for lots in good order. Weevil cut and unsound, less.

WHEAT.—Receipts are composed of small lots. The market is rather unsettled and unfixed. Uncertainty and variation in Northern markets affect ours unfavorably. We quote, as a range of prices—\$1.05@1.15, for ordinary and fair White, and \$1.00 to 1.05 for Red. Uniform crops of any better or prime descriptions will command higher figure, depending on condition and quality. There is a manifest want of tone and confidence in the article generally, and the market must so continue until it settles to some reliable basis.

FLOUR.—The market generally, are in a very unsatisfactory state. The demand everywhere is slack and limited and stocks appear to accumulate quite rapidly, with an evident disposition on the part of the holders to accede to buyers' views. Our receipts here from North Carolina are rather larger, and by Rail Road and Canal from the interior of this State and Tennessee, are quite good. Sales of common Shipping Superfine have been made at \$5.50. For this description the demand is largest. Good Superfine is quoted dull at \$5.75@6.00. Extra \$6.00@6.50. Uniform choice Bakers' only bringing the highest prices, for consumption.

COTTON.—presents hardly any change. The stock here is held by a few parties and some sales at 12 cts. which appears an extreme rate for this lot.

LUMBER.—We note no change in states. Shingles have declined: the market being well supplied, and the stocks in yard far more than equal to the demand. We quote at 3.50@3.75 and few sales.

FURS.—The Fur trade will not be opened again until November, and we omit quotations. **HIDES.**—Market active. Supply limited. Some change in our figures.

DRIED FRUIT.—New Apples are increasing in quantity. Sales have been made at 1.50 to be delivered at once. The same offers have been and are now refused. They are neglected and we think could be bought lower. No New Peaches yet.

SUNDRIES.—Beeswax wanted. Sales at 1.40 to 1.43. Corn Meal in better supply and lower.

RICHMOND MARKET, Aug. 18th 1859.

Reported weekly for The Times, by Dickerson & Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

Baron, Shoulders, 8@8; Corn, in demand 1@1.5; Sides, 10@10.50; Cotton, 12@13; Hams, 12@12.50; Cotton Yarn, 20@25; Coffee, Rio, 11@12; Flour, 5@5.50; Java, 17; Guano, Peruvian, 50@60; Mocha, 18; an. 18; Molasses, Cuba, 28@30; Elide, 40@45; Syrup, 30@33; Tobacco, Lugs, 40@45; N. O., 40@45; Good, 40@45; Wheat, White, 175@185; Leaf, 175@185; Red, 175@185; Good and fine, 185@195.

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR.
at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
105-4f.

CALEB G. DUNN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR
at Law, 80 Nassau St. New York.
Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collections of claims.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1-ly.

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE
and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street,
Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

GEORGE T. WHITE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
CITY OF JEFFERSON, MISSOURI.
Will attend the different COURTS held at the Capital, and in the adjoining counties.
Also, to the collection of debts, and persons who wish to have investments made in the West, may be assured, that his long acquaintance here, would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.
Will attend to any business entrusted to his care.
111-ly

A MONSTROUS LUSUS NATURÆ.—From an authentic source, which forbids to doubt the truth of the story, the following facts have been received: One day, week before last, the passengers on board a ferry boat near Quebec were attracted by the singular appearance of a woman who occupied a rather secluded position, and who seemed to be under the care of some persons who acted as if anxious to shield her from observation. Her arms were bandaged, but not so closely as to prevent a constant and very unusual motion, and her head, which was completely covered and hidden from sight, was observed to sway incessantly backward and forward, beneath the folds of cloth. As soon as the ferry boat reached the shore the figure was conveyed to the train of cars in waiting, and seated therein; but at this moment a sort of struggle and tumult again attracted the notice of the bystanders, and the car was filled with eager inquirers. Those who entered, however, hastily returned, their faces pallid with horror. Among them was the conductor of the train, who begged that no one would approach, for the bandages had been thrown off, and it had been discovered that the creature was a monster, possessing the form of a woman, except the head and arms, which were those of a pig! No mere human resemblance, but the absolute fact.

This would seem incredible, were it the only case of the kind. It is known, however, that there lived in Albany N. Y., a few years ago, a similar creature, having a woman's body and a pig's head; in this instance the arms were human. This being always kept in close confinement, and never suffered to leave a certain room in the house where those who had charge of her resided, excepting when no visitors were about. She could talk imperfectly, and was capable of some degree of mechanical labor, for her sewing was said to be very beautiful. Her head was in every respect that of a pig, no particular was wanting—ears, bristles, even tusks, all were there. This creature died at the age of about thirty-five years after having been for some time destitute of the little reason she once possessed.—*Bos. Cou. 12th.*

A GOOD PUN.—The Democracy sprawled in the old North State.—*Register.*

You are as much "sprawled" as we are, Mr. Syme, for it is nothing but all-fours on each side.—*Standard.*

POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The Pomological Society of North and South Carolina met in Charlotte 18th. We learn that although it was not as well attended by representatives from abroad, yet quite an interest was manifested, and a large variety of choice fruit was exhibited, and several interesting addresses were delivered.

YELLOW FEVER AT NEW ORLEANS.—A ship with yellow fever on board having arrived at New Orleans, the Journal of Commerce says much apprehension is expressed lest the disease should be communicated to the city.

DEAD.—Lieut. Arthur B. Stanford, of North Carolina, attached to the Cutter Harriet Lane, died at Staten Island a few days ago of erysipelas.

A FASHION WORTH IMITATING.—The latest "fashion" announced from Europe is that of dressing very plainly when going to church. Some of the ladies of the "first circles" go up to worship in plain calico. It is thus sought to encourage the attendance of the very poor, who have hitherto withheld their presence for lack of Sunday clothes.

X-TRAORDINARY X-ERCISE.—A contemporary has adopted the practice, becoming quite common, of marking papers with an X on the expiration of subscriptions. A subscriber recently responded in the following good hit:

MESSERS. LANSING.—That your X-position is X-cusable in the X-tra X-hibited on the X-terior of the last Standard, you will allow me to X-press my readiness to admit. Please to X-amine the enclosed X-change, and if deemed an X-piation for my remissness, it will be X-pected that you will X-tend to me an X-operation from your X-actions, by X-punging or X-cinding the said X from my next paper. Not that your mode is by any means X-ceptionable in X-ercising a right, but rather to be X-tolled, as a very X-peditions one in making X-amples of delinquents. Yours truly.

A BLOODY BATTLE IN SONORO.—A letter from Sonoro to the New York Herald says: Couriers have arrived (28th July) bringing official intelligence of a severe battle between the Liberal forces and Tane's army, which lasted half the day with varied success, when the Liberals received a reinforcement of two companies of lancers, who, making a vigorous charge, broke the enemy into fragments, and they were cut down at a terrible rate. The Liberals lost sixty men killed and wounded, while their opponents had one hundred killed, fifty-five wounded, and about thirty prisoners, who were taken out and shot.

\$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—The Quaker City Sewing Machine Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or unravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undoubtedly the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North-Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable percent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

PATRICK SPRINGS, Patrick County, Va.

This justly celebrated Watering Place passed into the hands of the present owner last year. Upon the 28th March, 1859, I commenced active operations upon the premises in the way of finishing houses and adding others, and newly furnishing the whole, for the comfortable accommodation of visitors. As I now have a large force at work and much of my furniture at hand, I can say with certainty that the Springs will be opened on the 15th JULY '59; and while, for want of time, I cannot make that improvement I would like or that the place demands, I think what I have done will satisfy any reasonable people that a great work is progressing in the right direction towards the successful improvement of that property, designed by Providence to be of great service to the world. The Ladies will find their rooms with neat and comfortable beds, and other appendages for their enjoyment, with one of the finest toned Pianos in the newly furnished Parlor for their recreation. Gentlemen will likewise find that I have cared well for them, and all I ask is a visit and a little forbearance, promising my best efforts to render all agreeable and comfortable who may favor me with a call. I might say much in behalf of the curative qualities of the water, but I only deem it necessary to say the water speaks for itself in tones far superior to my words; therefore enquire of those who have visited, and let it stand upon its own merits alone. I am now at work trying to add accommodations to unmistakable reputation. This property is situated between Bull and No-Business Mountains, in the county of Patrick, State of Virginia, and will be in a condition for the comfortable accommodation of upwards of one hundred visitors by the 15th of July.

BEVERLY A. DAVIS,
late of Pittsylvania co., Va., Proprietor.

The undersigned has rented of the proprietor of the Patrick Springs, the BARK BOWLING SALOON, LIVERY STABLES, &c., and from his experience in conducting a similar business, having been for some time proprietor of Simmons' Hotel at Pittsylvania Court-House, fathers himself that he can please the public.
June 16, '59—jy16-3m. JNO. W. DYER.

BOOTS AND SHOES!
HAYING LEASED THE STORE formerly occupied by Messrs. Gilmer & Hendrix, opposite the "Brittain House." I am now receiving and opening the largest Stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in this section of country.

My stock consists of Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, Youths and Childrens Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price—to an examination of which I invite the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country.

I buy all my goods from the Manufacturers—get nothing second-hand—and those, therefore, who buy of me do not have to pay a second price, as is the case with those who buy of the New York and Philadelphia Jobbers. Besides I intend doing an EXCLUSIVELY CASH business, which will enable me to sell lower than any one who does a credit business.

Be sure and call at the Boot and Shoe store.

J. B. BOONE.
(at) C. M. RAY, Agent.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, OR ANY SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.
And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of SCUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

Good Times Come at Last.

THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT STOCK OF READY MADE SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING has been received by the undersigned. Our stock consists of Coats, Pants, Vests &c., made in the latest style and in a superior manner to any that has ever been shown in this country. Also Hats, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Collars, Drawers, Watches, Jewels, Pistols, Portfolios, Knives, Umbrellas and Carpet Bags, in fact everything that is necessary in a Gents' large furnishing store.

These goods were bought and will be sold at prices defying competition.

Come and give us a call and you will not leave dissatisfied. S. ARCHER & CO.
Spring, 1859.

Those indebted to S. Archer, on S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

20,000 PRINTING CARDS. With a variety of other Materials just received at the Times Office. All kinds of JOB WORK executed in the neatest style of the Art at the cheapest prices.

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC.

THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY.

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC,
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THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
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BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
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FOR SPECIAL DISEASES,
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SAYS A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
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HAS NO BAD TASTE,
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WILL EFFECT A CURE
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WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
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OR CHANGE OF DIET,
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WITH LESS TROUBLE,
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AND PERMANENTLY,
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TEST ONE PACKAGE,
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TEST ONE PACKAGE.

Every Druggist and Country Merchant should keep a supply of this valuable Remedy, not only from the profits that accrue from its sale, but as an act of philanthropy towards suffering humanity. It will be made to the especial and pecuniary interest of all Druggists to purchase by W. W. BLISS & CO., PROPRIETORS,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRE

10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.

Planters Take Notice;
Planters Take Notice;
Planters Take Notice;

Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure

And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy

Before The People
Before The People
Before The People

In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,

Diarrhoea,
Diarrhoea,
Diarrhoea,
And Flux.
And Flux.
And Flux.

It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by

PORTER & GORRE.

Job WORK NEATLY EXECUTED.

Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy.

Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
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Has the Largest Sale.

Of any Medicine in the World.
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Of any Medicine in the World.

100,000 Packages
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Sold in Georgia and South Carolina
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In Fourteen Months.
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It is Warranted to Cure
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Depressed Spirits,
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Loss of Appetite,
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Pain in Side and Back,
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It is Especially Adapted to
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Female Complaints;
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DR. BAAKEE



TREATS ALL DISEASES.

DR. BAAKEE will give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Lungs. Attention given to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic diseases pertaining to women and children. Dr. Baakee can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing, Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings, Scald Head, Wens or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. These last named diseases cannot be treated by Correspondence, therefore, the patients must place themselves under the doctor's personal supervision.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife or needle; and he cures all diseases of the EYES and EARS, without the use of the knife; and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums), suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.

DOCTOR BAAKEE is one of the most celebrated and skillful Physician and Surgeon now living; his fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters containing ten cents directed to DOCTOR BAAKEE asking any questions pertaining to any disease shall be promptly answered, and all Chronic diseases can be treated by Correspondence except those mentioned that will require his personal supervision.

Office Hours, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

DR. BAAKEE.

Office, No. 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, Baltimore, Md.

1-ly.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA.

Altruistic Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

In times of Epidemics, it is the object of this Institution to establish Hospitals, to provide Nurses, Physicians, Clothing, Food, Medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphans of deceased parents, and to minister, in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times, to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enrol their names on its books, subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of Epidemics, the Directors have authorized the Consulting Surgeon to give Medical Advice gratis to all persons suffering under Chronic Diseases of a Virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, mal-treatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter or otherwise, and, in cases of extreme poverty, to furnish Medicines free of Charge. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their Surgeons in the cure of the worst forms of Chronic Diseases, and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Various Reports and Tracts on the nature and treatment of Chronic Diseases, by the Consulting Surgeon, have been published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent Free of Charge to the afflicted.

Address, for Report or treatment, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2, South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, Pres.

GEO. FAIRCHILD, Sec.

June 11--1y.

GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL

The next Session will commence Monday, the 1st of August, Boys in this School will be prepared for entering any class in College; and special attention will be given to such as wish only a good practical English Education.

Tuition per session of Twenty weeks \$20.

One dollar for Contingencies is required of each Student in advance.

JOHN E. WHARTON, Principal.

June 20, 1859. 178ff.

1500,000 lbs. Rags! Rags!!

WANTED BY THE FOREST MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

One Million Five Hundred Thousand Pounds good Cotton and Linen RAGS.

For particulars address,

Dr. W. S. MILLER, Sept.

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March, 1859. 12:5m.

HOLTON'S OINTMENT.

An Infallible Remedy.

For Bone Follons,

For the cure of burns, bites, sprains and bruises and for old and running sores of all sorts, either on man or beast. For sale at the Drug Store of

W. C. PORTER.

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!

10,000 lbs. Beeswax

wanted in exchange for Stoves, Tin-ware, or Cash, call and get the highest prices.

G. G. YATE.

West-Market, St. Greensboro, N. C.

July 8th, 1859. 28-3m.

W. F. Baake just printed, on a very good and solid paper, a general account of BLANKS, containing the part of

Blank Warrants, Co. Sh. Bonds, Advertisements, Land Deeds, Deeds of Trust, Witness Evidences, Juror Tickets, Last Entries, Subpoenas, On Sile, Com. for Depositions, Writs to seal Land, &c., &c.

Or will print, on the shortest notice, any sheet we may not have on hand if ordered. They can be sent by mail if desired.

C. F. Jones or Blanks, address of call on

COL. A. ALBRIGHT.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

THE FIRST GLASS.

Dear Children.—As I walked out about the dawn of day, a few mornings ago, to take the cars at the depot in Atlanta Ga, I saw a sad, yes a very sad sight. A young man lay stretched out upon the floor of the car-shed, right in sight of all the passengers, drunk! He was so drunk that when aroused from his slumbers he was so stupid as not to know where he was for a time. No doubt he had been there nearly all night, and oh, how sad his poor mother and sisters must have felt during the weary hours while watching for his return. I noticed he was dressed in broadcloth and had a nice velvet cap and I presume he appeared very neat the night before when he left home. But when he staggered off that morning to hide himself from the gaze of the public he was in a shocking plight, for he was covered with dust from head to foot. But that was not the worst of it. The dust might be brushed off his clothes, and after washing his face and changing his linen he might appear very decent again, but then, how about his character that jewel of the young? Ah what a horrid stain that had received! and alas soap and water will not avail to wash it out, no never. Now, my little readers, did you ever see a drunkard? Well, what a sorry figure he cuts staggering through the streets, his clothes all begrimed with dirt—his face bloated with liquor—his eyes bloodshot from the effects of alcohol—while from his beslavered lips oaths and curses are wafted on his fetid breath which is almost foul enough to taint the pure air of heaven. Oh, it is enough almost to make an angel weep to see a man, made in the image of God,—born to walk erect in the pride of his manhood—thus degraded below the level of the brute creation. Don't you think so? I have no doubt you do; but I don't want you to stop there in your thoughts. I want you to tell me how it is a man becomes so degraded. "Why cause he's a drunkard" perhaps you will say.—True, but how did he become a drunkard? He was once a light-hearted, frolicsome, sober boy as any of my little readers.—Now what has caused this sad change? Listen, and I will tell you. It is all the effect of taking the FIRST GLASS!—There is where the evil commenced, for if he had not taken the first drink he never could have been a drunkard. Now don't you think it would have been better for him if he had not taken the first glass? "Yes sir." That's the right answer and I hope you will stick to it and practice it too, for if you never touch the vile stuff which is hoarded in the Rum-stores in our land my word for it you will never become that loathsome thing, a drunken sot.—But if you take the first drink, that may lead to another and so on until you "bring your mother to shame" and your father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.—And let me give you another word of caution; keep away from the places where they make drunkards,—go not in the way of evil men, avoid it, turn from it and pass away,—for they sleep not except they have done mischief and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall"—so said the wise man; and it is true, for such places are doing the Devil's work, some on a large scale and some on a small scale, but all the same work. I have no doubt the Devil grins with satisfaction whenever a new dram shop or liquor store is opened for he knows he is sure of some of its customers, for he has the promise of the great God of heaven, who cannot lie, that no drunkard remaining such shall enter the kingdom of God. Oh, what a dreadful thought, but it is true, as you will see by reading the tenth verse of 1st Corinthians sixth chapter—"Nor thieves, nor covetous,

nor DRUNKARDS, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

I hope all my little readers will make up their minds "to touch not, taste not, handle not" the drunkard's drink, but use rather nature's cooling, healthful beverage, bright sparkling water, for

"A poet who sang in olden time
And lived in a classic quarter,
Declares, in his beautiful flowing rhyme
That the best of liquids is WATER!"

He honored the land where he loved to dwell
And many fine things he taught her;
But he did the most good when he wrote to tell
That the best of liquids is WATER!

It keeps the head clear, and it keeps it cool
It is good for both son and daughter;
Of health and of strength 'tis the golden rule
That the best of liquids is WATER!

Then, children, hold fast to the temperance cause;
Stick to it like "bricks and mortar";
And say without doubting, or fear or pause
That the best of liquids is WATER!

And seek to win others by love's mild tone:
Don't hang them, or draw, or quarter;
For none by abuse will be brought to own,
That the best of liquids is WATER!

REMARKABLE MEMORY.—John Franklin was a native of Canaan, Litchfield County, Connecticut. An instance of remarkable memory, when a lad of seventeen, will show that he was no ordinary boy.

Having accompanied the family to the place of worship, the meeting house being only closed, but neither ceiling or plastered, the beams and rafters were all exposed to view.

John saw that his austere father sat through the sermon with great uneasiness, but could not divine the cause.

On returning home, "John," said his father, "it is my duty to give you a severe thrashing, (common in old times), and you shall have it presently, so prepare yourself."

"But you won't whip me father, without telling what for?"

"No, certainly—your conduct at the meeting, sir, is the cause. Instead of attending to the sermon, you were all the time gazing about, as if you were counting the beams and rafters of the meeting-house."

"Well, father, can you repeat the sermon?"

"Sermon, no. I had as much as I could do to watch your inattention."

"If I tell you all the minister said, you won't whip me?"

"No, John, no; but that is impossible."

Young Franklin immediately named the text, and taking up the discourse, went through every head of it with surprising accuracy.

"Upon my word," said the delighted parent, "I should not have thought it."

"And now, father," said John, "I can tell you exactly how many beams and rafters there are in the meeting house."

NEGLECTING THE GREAT SALVATION.

Most of the calamities of life are caused by simple neglect. By neglect of education, children grow up in ignorance. By neglect, a farm grows up to weeds and briars; by neglect a house goes to decay; by neglect, a sowing man will have no harvest; by neglect of reaping, the harvest will rot in the field. No worldly interest can prosper where there is neglect; and why may it not be so in religion? There is nothing in earthly affairs that is valuable that will not be ruined if it is not attended to: and why may it not be so with the concerns of the soul? Let no one infer, therefore, that because he is not a drunkard, or an adulterer, or a murderer, he will be saved. Such an inference would be as irrational as it would be for a man to infer that because he is not a murderer his farm will produce a harvest; or that because he is not an adulterer therefore his merchandise will take care of itself. Salvation would be worth nothing if it cost no effort; and there will be no salvation where no effort is put forth.

CHILDHOOD.

Childhood! happiest stage of life!
Free from care, and free from strife,
Free from memory's ruthless reign,
Fought with scenes of former pain:
Free from fancy's cruel skill,
Fabricating future ill;
Time when all that meets the view,
All can charm, for all is new;
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never, to return!

Then, to toss the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall;
Then the mimic ship to guide
Down the kennel's dirty tide;
Then the hoop's revolving pace
Through the dirty street to chase;
O what joy! it once was mine;
Childhood! matchless boon of thine!
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never, to return!—[SCOTT.]

GOOD BUSINESS.—The cotton manufactory at Augusta, Ga., turns out twelve thousand yards of manufactured cloth every day.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is at hand in the world, waiting in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly, and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, called, and properly arranged, would form a volume of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

Fodder Pulling.

The following letter from Mr. George Seaborn, well known as the late experienced editor of the "Farmer and Planter," seems to possess much of interest to the planting community. Facts are stubborn things, and the result of experiments as detailed below present considerations worthy of notice.

MR. EDITOR:—I promised you a statement of the result of an experiment made to ascertain what loss corn would sustain from being deprived of its blades at the usual time of taking fodder; and, also whether cutting the corn at the roots, after the blades become dry to the ear, would lessen the product.

Twelve short rows, as near equal in appearance as could be found in the field, were set apart for the experiment. Of the twelve rows, No. one, four, seven and ten were left with the blades on until they were generally dry to the ear, and on some stalks even to the top, then cut up at the roots and "shocked" on the field until the other corn was gathered, then hauled in and shocked from the stalk.—No. two, five, eight and eleven were left with the blades on, and No. three, six, nine and twelve were stripped of their blades as late as is usual with us. Now for the result:

No. one, four, seven and ten, when shelled, measured four pecks, one gallon, two quarts and one pint, and weighed seventy and a half lbs.

No. two, five, eight and eleven, measured four pecks one gallon two quarts, and one and a half pints, and weighed seventy one and a half lbs.

No. three, six, nine and twelve measured four pecks, half pint, and weighed fifty-five lbs.

The fodder that was taken from the last numbers was carefully cured and kept to itself, and weighed eighteen pounds, which, added to the corn from which it was taken, amounted to seventy-three pounds, but one and a half pounds more than the corn alone, from which no blades were taken, and two and a half pounds more than that cut up at the roots.

This experiment proves conclusively, to my mind, what I long believed, that by pulling fodder we deprive the corn of the weight, or very nearly so, of the fodder when cured. And, furthermore, that we would be better employed in making hay than in taking fodder from our corn. I neglected to mention in its proper place, that the corn was all well and equally dried before being measured and weighed.

GEO. SEABORN.

INFLUENCE OF THE MOON ON PLANTS.—1. Vines, if pruned when the moon is increasing in light, will shoot out, spread and grow fast, particularly if done in the second quarter—because as the light of the moon increases, so does the sap in the tree.

2. Vines, if pruned, when the moon is decreasing in light, will not grow nor spread so fast,—particularly if it be done during the last quarter, because the sap decreases with the light.

3. Timber cut down when the moon is increasing, will soon become rotten, particularly if she be in her second quarter.

4. Timber cut down when the moon is decreasing, will last for years, and the more durable it will be if cut down during the last quarter.

5. Peas sown during the moon's increase will bloom to the last, and will be full and rich in flavor; still more certain if sown during the second quarter.

6. Pease sown when the moon is decreasing in light will be just in the opposite condition.

7. The age to which a pomegranate will live, depends on the moon's age at the time of planting, it will live just as many years as the moon was days old.

8. Plants and shrubs shoot up with little root, if planted when the moon is decreasing in light, and in zodiacal signs, Gemini, Libra or Aquarius.

9. If planted when in the signs Taurus, Virgo, or Capricornus, they take deep root and do not grow tall.

INADVERTENCES.—To stand in the front door of a city car, while all dusty, perspiring and begrimed, with the fumes of the filthy carcass blowing full in the faces of the thirty passengers in the rear.

To open the window next you in a railroad car, without consulting the convenience of the passenger behind you.

To stop for conversation in the aisle or doorway of a church or other building, thus preventing the passage of dozens of others.

TURNIPS AMONG CORN.—Every farmer may, at the expense of half a day's work, have turnips in plenty for family use, and to feed, by simply sowing plenty of good seed in his corn field, immediately after plowing it for the last time.

Salad for the Solitary.

With brush-wood, Judgement slumber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest heat; and both meeting make the best fire.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.—At L—, on Sunday evening, fatigued by his long journey, a wagoner with his son John drove his team into a good range, and determined to pass the Sabbath, enjoying a season of worship with the good folks of the village.

When the time for worship arrived John was set to watch the team, while the wagoner went in with the crowd. The preacher hardly announced his subject before the old man fell sound asleep. He sat against the partition in the centre of the body slip; while just against him, separated only by the very low partition, sat a fleshy lady, who seemed all absorbed in the sermon. She struggled hard with her feelings, until unable to control them any longer, then burst out with a loud scream, and shouted at the top of her voice, rousing the old man, who, but half awake, thrust his arm around her waist and cried very soothingly:

"Wo, Nance! Wo, Nance! Wo!—Here John, cut the bellyband, and loose the breaching, quick, or she'll tear everything in pieces!" It was all the work of a moment; but the sister forgot to shout, the preacher lost the thread of his discourse, and the meeting came prematurely to an end, and, while deeply mortified, the poor old man skulked away, determined not to go to meeting again until he could manage to keep his senses by remaining awake.

A school teacher relates a queer story of one of his scholars—a son of the Emerald Isle. He told him to spell hostility. "H-o-r-s-e horse," he began. "No, not horse tilty," said the teacher, "but hostility." "Sure," said Pat, "an' did'nt ye tell me the other day, not to say hoss? Be jabers, it's one thing the one day, and another the next."

NOT "TIPSY" BUT WERRY LIKE DRUNK.—John was not tipsy the other night, when it became his duty at the proper stage of the proceedings, to give the regular toast to Woman, for he said so afterwards. He proceeded;

"Oh, Woman in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please—
But—seen to oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

"Is your horse perfectly gentle, Mr. Daddler?"

"Perfectly gentle, sir, the only fault he has got—if that be a fault—is a playful habit of extending his hinder hoofs every now and then."

"By extending his hinder hoofs you don't mean kicking I hope?"

"Some people call it kicking, Mr. Green, but it's only a slight reaction of muscles—a disease rather than a vice."

CONUNDRUMS.—What poet do miners value most? Cole-ridge.

What poet is least distinguished for brevity? Long-fellow.

Which of the English poets would be most likely to make a lion feel at home. A Dry den.

Why were the Amalekites never allowed to speak? Their king was A-gag.

Which of the reptiles is a mathematician? The Adder.

What Scripture character would have made a suitable husband for a tall laundress? A-hi-tub.

What two syllables of the marriage ceremony are the most interesting to the priest? The last two—money.

"Do you mean to insult me, by calling your dog by my name?"

"O no, sir, not at all; I only meant to insult the dog!" says George.

"Waiter!"

"What sir?"

"A half dozen pigs feet in a shell."

"In a moment sir, as soon as I can mix an Indian meal sling for a Grahamite."

"Any thing else sir?"

"Yes a knot hole fried."

Waiter disappears beneath a standing collar.

A modern poet makes the remark that "bright things never die." This is utterly false. A friend of ours who had a bright head of hair, made an attempt to transform it with the greatest success.—His bright locks died most beautifully.

"I am sure I cannot live long" said a very dirty looking patient to his physician.

"Is that any reason why you should carry dirt enough to bury you?"

THAT'S SO, TOO!—It is a curious fact in philosophy that the man who, in a pecuniary sense, is most liberal and profuse while tight, becomes tighter than ever as soon as he is sober!

A lazy, over fed lad returning from his dinner to his work one day, was asked by his master if he had no other motion than that.

"Yes," replied the youth, drawing out each letter, "but it's a little slower."

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of DRY GOODS, 48
Fair Place, and 41 Barclay Street.
Wm. Graydon, } NEW-YORK, } Geo. H. Sperry,
James Graydon, } Nov., '58. } Wm. A. Sperry,
Nov., '58. } 2-1y.

BOOK-BINDER.
At the old STAR OFFICE, (opposite the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.)

RALEIGH, N. C.
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and the vicinity, that he will promptly and punctually attend to the binding of Newspapers, Magazines and Periodicals of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms.
Address J. J. CHAPLIN,
Raleigh, N. C.
January 1—1y.

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Commission & Forwarding Merchants,
Shoekoe Slip, 2d door from "Lay street,"
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Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, and other
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Special attention paid to forwarding Manufactures Tobacco and Goods.
Grain Barges furnished on application.
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CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN
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All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c.—kept constantly on hand or made to order.

Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.

Work delivered on board the Cars free of charge. 127ly.

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REFERENCES.
McPheeters Gheselin, John B. Odum, Esq., Va.; Hon. John Baxter, Rev. W. G. Browlaw, Tenn.; Hon. T. L. Jones, Newport, Ky.; Brown & McMillan, Washington, W. & D. Richardson, Galveston, Texas; D. R. McAnally, D. D., St. Louis; Rev. G. C. Gillespie, New Orleans; J. W. Stoy, Charleston, S. C.; Hons. W. A. Graham, S. W. Ellis, D. L. Swan, Chas. F. Deems, D. D., N. C.; Myatt & Toler, Ala., &c., &c.

EFLAND & KIRKPATRICK.

Having opened a GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING STORE, will keep on hand or make to order, all kinds of Gentlemen's Clothing. Their Spring Stock embraces Coats, Pants, Vests, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Drawers, &c., &c., which they will sell cheap for cash. Gentlemen wishing fine clothing should call on them first, as they sell no half finished work. Having some very fine cloth and casimere, and workmen of the first order, they feel confident they can please the most fastidious.

They also have the agency for the sale of Barthol's Sewing Machines, one of the best now in use, in fact it is superseding all others, in all the large manufacturing establishments in New York and Philadelphia; March, 1859. 13—1y.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

J. H. Thacker would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country, that he is now manufacturing all kinds of BOOTS and SHOES low for CASH. He is also making all kinds of LADIES' SHOES as low or lower than they can get Northern work. Call and see for yourselves. An assortment of SHOES and BOOTS constantly on hand. Repairing promptly attended to. April 15, 1859.

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND

Watchmaker, West Market, Greensboro, N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.

He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.

All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.

All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market. August, 1st, 1858. 134—1y.

VISTING CARDS.

R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for \$1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, \$2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering.

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Commission Merchants, Norfolk, Va. ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Houghton, Chatham; White & Cameron, Guilford; Philier & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan. Authorized agents for the Times, to receive subscriptions, etc. Gily

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